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POETRY.

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"IF THOU WERT TRUE AS THOU ART
FAIR."

If thou wert true as thou art fair,
Love should for thee thy burden bear ;
No service would his heart disdain,
Or deem it idle, or in vain ;
But fare thee well ! Too fair art thou ;
So fare thee well forever now.

If thou wert mine, and mine alone,
Then shouldst thou reign upon love's
throne ;
But other hands may thine caress,
And other lips those lips may press,
So fare thee well ! Unfair art thou, —
Go, fare thee well forever now.

If thou, a goddess, wert divine,
Should all men worship at thy shrine ?
Nay, prithee, think ! — is there not one
Who from thine altar would pass on,
Crying, "Fare thee well ! Mere fairy
thou, —
Nay, fare thee well forever now" ?

Yet tell me, thou, my own, my queen,
Art true as thou hast ever been, —
And I thy servant still shall be ;
Nor, doubting, sing this song to thee
Of "Fare thee well," — but "Fair art
thou,"
And "With me fare forever now."
Athenæum. SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

THE TROTH OF REGULUS.

He goes to die ; and yet he shall not die ;
For death is but for such
As, loving life too much,
Seem but to live, but die eternally.

He goes to meet his doom — yet see him
go ;
Behold his easy tread,
And mark his stately head.
High towering o'er the tides of weal and
woe.

Ah, fain would we — all we his country-
men,
Go with him singing songs,
With music that belongs
To victory and triumph. Only then

Is glory truly gained, when it is won
By bitter mastery
O'er self and luxury.
Rest waits the hero when his toil is done.

And Regulus hath fought nor vainly
fought ;
He wins his city fame ;
Achieves a deathless name ;
And gains the garland for the victor
wrought.

Be still, and sing not ; for the gods above
Have taken up our song,
And through Heaven's courts prolong
The hymn that telleth of the patriot's
love.
Spectator. J. L. THORNELY.

LINES

Written on the window-pane of a railway carriage
after reading an advertisement of Sunlight
Soap, and "Poems," by William Wordsworth.

I PASSED upon the wings of Steam
Along Tay's valley fair,
The book I read had such a theme
As bids the Soul despair.

A tale of miserable men,
Of hearts with doubt distraught,
Wherein a melancholy pen
With helpless problems fought.

Where many a life was brought to dust,
And many a heart laid low,
And many a love was smirched with lust —
I raised mine eyes, and, oh ! —

I marked upon a common wall,
These simple words of hope,
That mute appeal to one and all,
Cheer up ! Use Sunlight Soap !

Our moral energies have range
Beyond their seeming scope,
How tonic were the words, how strange,
Cheer up ! Use Sunlight Soap !

"Behold !" I cried, "the inner touch
That lifts the Soul through cares."
I loved that soap-boiler so much
I blessed him unawares !

Perchance he is some vulgar man,
Engrossed in £ s. d.
But, ah ! through Nature's holy plan
He whispered hope to me !

A. LANG.

From *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BRIDGES.

FATHER GERARD HOPKINS, an English priest of the Society of Jesus, died young, and one of his good deeds remains to the present time unrecorded. We were strangers to each other, and might have been friends. I took for granted that he belonged to the other camp in Irish politics, on the outskirts of which—and not on the outskirts only—a motley crew of traders in crime have squatted. I learn from a notice of his life that among other distresses “the political dishonesty which he was forced to witness in Dublin, so tortured his sensitive spirit that he fell into a melancholy state;” and soon afterwards he died. Father Hopkins was a lover of literature, and himself a poet. Perhaps he did in many quarters missionary work on behalf of the poetry of his favorite, Robert Bridges. He certainly left, a good many years since, at my door two volumes by Mr. Bridges, and with them a note begging that I would make no acknowledgment of the gift. I did not acknowledge it then; but with sorrow for a fine spirit lost, I acknowledge it now.

Mr. Bridges, more than some other men of letters, needed in those days a mediator between his work and the public. He has never learnt the art of self-advertisement. The interviewer has not appeared at Yattendon, or captured him in some shy nook on his beloved Thames. Among poets he has been somewhat of a scholar-gipsy—

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!—

seen in the rare glimpses of limited black-letter issues from Mr. Daniel's Oxford press—

In type of antique shape and wrapper grey.

But to-day Mr. Bridges shows his face in the Royal Academy; and happily no critic has to discover him, for he has gradually revealed himself. There is comfort for the critic in this; and perhaps there is comfort also in the fact that he is not a poet with a mission; he has no new creed to proclaim to the age; he need fear no Robert Bridges

Society. All he has to tell is that he loves beauty and loves love; and all he has done is to praise God in the best of ways by making some beautiful things.

The body of Mr. Bridges' work is now considerable. A volume of lyrics, a volume of sonnets, a narrative poem, the libretto for an oratorio, an historical tragedy, a tragedy “in a mixed manner,” a comedy “in the Latin manner,” several other dramas, classical or romantic, and a searching study of the prosody of Milton—this is no inconsiderable achievement. And Mr. Bridges has published nothing that is not carefully considered, and wrought to such excellence as can be conferred on it by studious and delicate workmanship. He is, doubtless, known best by his “*Shorter Poems*,” to which in the popular edition must be added on its next appearance a fifth book at present in the hands of the possessors of Mr. Daniel's limited issue. And it is not ill that he should be first thought of as a writer of lyrics. So much excellent lyrical verse has been written by poets born within the last half century that it is difficult to conjecture an order of merit; but some persons will, incline to believe that Mr. Miles exercised a sound judgment when he named the eighth volume of his poetical encyclopædia (in which writers younger than Mr. William Morris and younger than Mr. Swinburne appear), “Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets.” The clan, though agile and shapely, are not of pre-eminent stature (I speak as one of the minor poets) but to overtop them should secure the respect of all. “The emperor of Lilliput,” said Gulliver, “is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into his beholders.” Such an awe many of the writers in Mr. Miles's eighth volume may well feel in presence of the author of “*There is a Hill beside the Silver Thames*” and “*The Winnowers*.”

There is a lyric which is the direct outcry of passion transformed to art—such are some of the songs of Burns;

a lyric which is the expression of profound and ardent contemplation — such are some of Wordsworth's poems ; a lyric, which is architectonic in character, the product of an elaborate evolution — such are some of the odes of Gray. Mr. Bridges' poems are seldom mere outcries of passion ; they do not often explore the heights and depths of thought ; they are in general of faultless evolution, but their design is rarely (save in the choral odes of his dramas) complex and of large dimensions. Elements of many and various kinds enter into his volume of "Shorter Poems" — delicate observation, delight in external nature, delight in art, delight in love, gladness, and grief, ethical seriousness, pensive meditation, graceful play of fancy. But all are subdued to balance, measure, harmony ; and sometimes our infirmity craves for some dominant note, some fine extravagance, even some splendid sins. Mr. Bridges' audacities are to be found in occasional phrases — often felicitous and of true descriptive or interpretative power, sometimes not felicitous — and in his metrical experiments. But in his metrical experiments there is nothing revolutionary ; they are extensions of a true tradition in English verse ; they amount to little more than nicely calculated variations of stress. No writer of verse understands his business better than Mr. Bridges ; and if finer and subtler harmonies are attained unconsciously or half-unconsciously by greater poets, our ear soon adapts itself to the delicate surprises and delicate satisfactions which he has thought out and felt out as a skilled craftsman. He is no representative in English poetry of M. René Ghil's *école évolutive instrumentiste* ; he has — it is likely — a prejudice against talking nonsense ; but he has made curious inquisition into the sources of Milton's metrical effects, and in that great school he is an ingenious pupil.

Pleasure rounded with peace, a tender tranquillity with sudden impulses of joy give origin to some of the most beautiful of these lyrical poems. And the scenery of the upper and unsullied

reaches of the Thames supplies a suitable environment for such moods. Mr. Bridges is a most exact observer of these natural phenomena which accord with his temper of mind ; but his observation is not in the manner of a realism hard and crude ; it is guided by a delicate instinct of selection ; it is subject to a law of beauty ; it is a quest, not for fact, but for delight. His eye can read the details, the minion type in the book of nature ; and it also can find rest or excitement in breadths of prospect — the still solitude of English downs, a woodland after the havoc of autumn gales, the scourge of the surf and sweep of the tides seen from the cliff. Spring and summer are dear to him. No one who has read the "Shorter Poems" will forget the exquisite personification of spring as the virgin-mother clad in green, —

Walking the sprinkled meadows at sundown.

But he can also celebrate the joys of winter in a fine sonnet (No. 10 of "The Growth of Love"), and one of his most admirable pieces of observation is the description of the London streets at morning after a night of snow. I will set side by side, as contrasted pieces of pictorial poetry, a stanza from "The Garden in September" and a stanza from "The Downs : " —

Now thin mists temper the slow-ripening
beams
Of the September sun : his golden gleams
On gaudy flowers shine, that prank the
rows
Of high-grown hollyhocks, and all tall
shows
That Autumn flaunteth in his bushy
bowers :
Where tomtits, hanging from the drooping
heads
Of giant sunflowers, peck the nutty seeds,
And in the feathery aster bees on wing
Seize and set free the honied flowers,
Till thousand stars leap with their visiting :
While ever across the path mazily flit,
Unpiloted in the sun,
The dreamy butterflies,
With dazzling colors powdered and soft
glooms,

White, black, and crimson stripes, and
 peacock eyes,
 Or on chance flowers sit,
 With idle effort plundering one by one
 The nectaries of deepest-throated blooms.

There is something of the rich lethargy
 of autumn even in the versification of
 this elaborate stanza. In contrast let
 the opening of "The Downs" suffice :—

O bold majestic downs, smooth, fair, and
 lonely ;

O still solitude, only matched in the skies :
 Perilous in steep places,
 Soft in the level races,

Where sweeping in phantom silence the
 cloudland flies ;

With lovely undulation of fall and rise ;
 Entrenched with thickets thorned,
 By delicate miniature dainty flowers
 adorned.

Mr. Bridges' poems have been censured for a lack of warm humanity, and, with the exception of certain poems of joy and love, his lyrics are not direct and simple utterances of passion. But many of his lyrics are charged with fine and tender human sentiment, and he can express moods of dejection and meditative sorrow as well as the happiness of lovers. There is poignant grief, purged of all that is violent, in the beautiful stanzas "On a Dead Child." Even into his interpretation of nature an element of humanity enters. It was a bold enterprise for any poet to attempt a new rendering of the nightingales' voices when Keats had been his predecessor ; but there is magic in Mr. Bridges' poem, "Nightingales," and half the magic is won, not from the birds' songs, but from the heart of man. The poem appears in the fifth book of "Shorter Poems," which has not been yet included in the popular edition :—

Beautiful must be the mountains whence
 ye come,
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the
 streams, wherefrom
 Ye learn your song :
 Where are those starry woods ? O might
 I wander there,
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly
 air
 Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent
 the streams :

Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts
 our dreams,

A throe of the heart,
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes
 profound

No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
 For all our art.

Alone aloud in the raptured ear of men
 We pour our dark nocturnal secret : and
 then,

As night is withdrawn
 From these sweet-springing meads and
 bursting boughs of May,
 Dream while the innumerable choir of day
 Welcome the dawn.

There is something of southern radiance and southern desire in the imagination and sentiment of this poem, and, in several instances, Mr. Bridges has found his masters and models in Italian literature. Yet he is characteristically English in most of his shorter poems ; and the fineness of beauty and reserve of passion in English landscape accord with his peculiar character as a poet.

It is difficult to turn away from the lyrics, for though they would fill only a slender volume, Mr. Bridges has been fastidious as regards his work, and has admitted no verse into his collection which has not some grace of its own. But other parts of his poetical achievement must be noticed.

Of his narrative, "Eros and Psyche," Mr. Bridges writes with modesty, it "neither pretends to originality nor loftiness. The beautiful story is well known, and the version of Apuleius has been simply followed." The subject did not escape the writers of the seventeenth century ; it was treated in a graceful narrative poem by Shackerley Marmion, and in dramatic form by Thomas Heywood, in his "Love's Mistress." Mr. Bridges' poem certainly gains much upon Mrs. Tighe's "Psyche," by the fact that the writer does not flourish over the narrative with fancies and reflections of his own. Where Mr. Bridges' alters, it is in the direction of refinement—"a gentler treatment of the motive and the substi-

tution of Hellenism for Latin vulgarity." The metre is a seven-line stanza of attractive form, in which the last line is bound by rhyme to the fourth line of the opening quatrain, and encloses the couplet formed by the fifth and sixth lines. Mr. Bridges leaves the story half fairy-tale, half myth; a piece of fantasy, charming as such, but also bearing to the reader a spiritual meaning and moral. Any one who chooses can set the poem by the side of Mr. Pater's prose telling of the tale in "Marius the Epicurean," and it will not lose by the comparison; the verse, indeed, seems to flow more gently and gracefully, and with less self-conscious effort than the superintended, calculated, chastened, and enriched prose.

Probably no part of Mr. Bridges' work is less generally known than his sonnets; but the fault does not lie with the public. If privacy be desired, it is not attained by a limited issue; the philistine of culture will pay the fee for an artificial curiosity; the true lover of poetry may be compelled prudently to count his pence. The securest privacy, if indeed the poet be undiscoverably "hidden in the light of thought," is publicity. One cannot for a moment suppose that Mr. Bridges courts an illustrious obscurity, or would enhance an occult fame by having the sumptuous bushel at hand at the moment when the candle is lighted. Sometimes, it is true, the bushel is a more impressive advertisement than the farthing dip, but Mr. Bridges' candle is of a kind to carry light to many in the house. "The Growth of Love" deserves the good fortune that befalls books when they fare forth to choose lovers out of the crowd—those who in a book hear the right voice and follow it. The sonnets—many of the Italian, a few of the English, model—are nearly fourscore in number, some of them forming a sequence, some standing apart, or permitting themselves to be lightly detached. Love, as Mr. Bridges treats it, is no isolated passion of our nature, but runs into all the higher joys and connects itself with all the deeper sorrows of the spirit. It

is a tributary of beauty, of thought, of art, of devotion, or these are tributaries of it. His treatment of the theme is subtle, delicate, refined; but his subtlety seldom takes the form of metaphysical conceits. I shall not follow the writer through his fine trains of feeling, his radiances and sadnesses, but present to the reader two sonnets which, without loss, can be separated from the rest, and which will probably be new to many lovers of poetry. In Mr. Daniel's beautiful edition the poems are without titles, but I will name the first of these sonnets "Anglo-Indians in Florence," and the second shall be "The Iron Ship."

ANGLO-INDIANS IN FLORENCE.

Say whose be these light-bearded sunburnt faces,

In negligent and travel-stained array,
That in the city of Dante come to-day
Haughtily visiting her holy places?
O these be noble men that hide their

graces,
True England's blood, her ancient glory's

stay,
By tales of fame diverted on their way
Home from the rule of Oriental races.

Life-trifling lions these, of gentle eyes
And motion delicate, but swift to fire
For honor, passionate where duty lies,
Most loved and loving: and they quickly

tire
Of Florence, that she one more day denies
The embrace of wife and son, of sister or

sire.

THE IRON SHIP.

The fabled sea-snake, old Leviathan,
Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine
That champ'd the oceanwrack, and
swash'd the brine

Before the new and milder days of man,
Had never rib nor bray nor swindging fan
Like his iron swimmer of the Clyde or
Tyne,

Late born of golden seed to breed a line
Of offspring swifter and more huge of plan.

Straight is her going, for upon the sun
When once she hath looked, her path and
place are plain:

With tireless speed she smiteth one by one
The shuddering seas and foams along the
main:

And her eased breath when her wild race
is run

Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane.

We pass from Mr. Bridges' narrative and lyrical poetry to his dramatic writings. "The Tragedy of Nero" gives us a sense of the limit of his powers. To speak of the play is perhaps premature, for a second part, which has not yet appeared, is promised. The first part deals with that period of the evil Cæsar's reign when his wife, Octavia, was still living, though fallen out of favor; when Poppæa was rising to power, when Agrippina was desperately plotting to recover her authority, and young Britannicus, having become an offence to the tyrant, was ruthlessly spurned out of his way. The action closes, as Gray designed his tragedy to close, with the murder of Agrippina. It thus extends beyond the limit of time in Racine's great tragedy, and does not arrive at the years which furnish the subject of that remarkable play so daringly and finely wrought by an unknown English poet and scholar towards the close of James I.'s reign. Comparisons, full of danger but inevitable, are suggested by a modern tragedy having Nero for its chief personage. Racine, admirable always in his female figures, and in "Britannicus" admirable in his presentation of the graceful man-tiger, not yet full grown in cruelty, is indeed unapproachable; and the nameless Jacobean poet has left an eminent achievement in dramatic art. Mr. Bridges has brought study to the aid of imagination, thought, and skill; yet with some readers the feeling must constantly be present that he is always falling below a lofty theme and missing the great possibilities of his tragedy. In his "Prometheus," as he informs us, "all the characters are good." Mr. Bridges is happiest in his treatment of such characters; he exhibits varieties of delicately colored pleasure more successfully than deep passions. A group of criminals should not be drawn in pastel. There is excellent dramatic writing in "Nero;" as, for example, in the interview between Agrippina and her son in the fourth scene of the second act. But to fall short of complete success in a work

of such high intention is to fail completely; and by those who know what great tragedy is it cannot be maintained that Mr. Bridges has succeeded.

If Mr. Bridges has done anything which may be stigmatized as clever, it is his attempt to reproduce Menander for the English stage, through the medium of "The Feast of Bacchus," a play founded on the "Heautontimorumenos" of Terence. Sainte-Beuve's articles on Terence in the *Nouveaux Lundis* open with a sigh: "Comme les goûts changent! comme le flot se déplace! comme il y a des branches tout entières de littérature qui déflorissent et se dessèchent!" Mr. Bridges has made a gallant attempt to revive the Menandrian comedy; the intrigue is admirably evolved; a bright temper of youth lives throughout the play. But if "The Feast of Bacchus" be put upon a modern stage, it must, like some of the Elizabethan dramas, be "enacted at both the universities," there to help some young imagination to cross the gulf between the old world and the new. There is no position in art more difficult to maintain than that of a mediator between an ancient and a modern culture; it is easier to cross Niagara upon a tight-rope. Mr. Bridges balances himself with rare skill; but his proceeding is after all a *tour de force*. We are tempted to exclaim, "Terence we know, and Pinero we know; but who art thou?" I am not sure that the line of six stresses chosen by Mr. Bridges as his metre, though it be "written according to rules of English rhythm," enhances the reader's enjoyment. The dramatic capacities of blank verse are infinitely wider and finer. George Colman was not a master of dramatic blank verse, though he could write it with credit; Mr. Bridges has the utmost skill in the use of his instrument, but as regards the mere pleasure derived from form I doubt whether an English reader will prefer his lines of six stresses to the somewhat wooden verse of Colman. A few lines chosen at random may serve as a test:—

An old Corinthian woman
Now sojourns here, a stranger in these
parts,
And very poor. It happened, of her
daughter
My son became distractedly enamour'd ;
E'en to the brink of marriage ; and all this
Unknown to me : which I no sooner learnt
Than I began to deal severely with him,
Not as a young and love-sick mind requir'd,
But in the rough and usual way of fathers.

This is not like the verse of "The
Tempest" or "The Winter's Tale,"
the secrets of which are known to Mr.
Bridges ; but it is respectable eighteenth-century writing. And now for
the lines of six stresses : —

There came to live in the city
A poor old widow woman from Corinth.
She had a daughter,
With whom my son, who is just of age, fell
madly in love,
Was even at the point to marry ; but all
without my knowledge.
However it came to my ears ; and then I
began to treat him
Unkindly, and not in the way to deal with
a love-sick lad ;
But after the usual dictatorial manner of
fathers.

The fact that blank verse is farther
removed from prose than the six-
stressed line enables it—though Col-
man may not have learnt the art—to
attain a multitude of beautiful freedoms
without license, which if sought by the
other form become licenses, afflicting
to an ear that cherishes the delicate
law of rhythm. And hence its superi-
ority for dramatic purposes.

"Achilles in Scyros" dramatizes and
refines upon the Achillean tradition
handed down by Apollodorus. The
hero of Troy, a youth of sixteen, by
the device of his mother, Thetis, is
hidden upon the island of Scyros as a
maiden, among the maiden companions
of Princess Deidamia, daughter of the
old king Lycomedes. An oracle has
declared that the expedition to recover
Helen must fail if he be not a leader of
the war, and Ulysses, accompanied by
Diomedes, lands upon the island with
the resolve not to depart until he has
discovered the object of his search.

The young champion has already given
his heart to Deidamia, and she, though
ignorant of his sex, has a joy in the
tall, protective Pyrrha, which she had
never felt before in the presence of
any playfellow. The conflict of the
drama is between love and honor, and
between the craft of a sea-goddess and
that of the most experienced and as-
tutest of mortals : —

As smooth of face as tongue, gentle in
voice
But sturdy of body, and 'neath his helm
his locks
O'er a wide brow and restless eye curl forth
In ruddy brown.

But Ulysses will not appear among
the Scyrian maids in his proper form ;
he steals upon them at their play in
ragged garb and hoary beard as a ped-
lar, provided with such gawds and
trinkets as tickle girlish fancies, and
with one article of barter—a sword—
which may serve as the test of man-
hood : —

There is a hunter with his game, a lion,
Inlaid upon it : and on the other side
Two men that fight to death.

The disguised Pyrrha turns away
from the ruby brooch which Deidamia
has chosen for her favorite, and han-
dles the sword with longing—at which
moment and with the cry of "Achilles,"
the pedlar, pulling off his beard and
headdress, leaps up, and betrays Ulys-
ses, and on the instant there stands
before him no maiden but the young
hero arrayed in the shining armor—
the gift of Thetis—which he had worn
beneath his feminine robe. At the
close, Achilles places his fate in the
hands of the princess—if she set their
mutual pleasure above his honor, he
will call that duty : —

But, as I know her, if she bid me go
Where fate and danger call ; then I will go,
And so do better : and very sure it is,
Pleasure is not for him who pleasure serves.

Deid.

Achilles, son of Thetis ! As I love thee,
I say, go forth to Troy.

But Achilles does not join the fleet at
Aulis until he has won his bride.

Through the whole play there is

charm. Action, character, and dialogue are all contrived with skill and grace; and if something of modern sentiment is added to the classical subject, it does not produce any sense of incongruity in a drama which is confessedly "in a mixed manner," which brings the antique over to the romantic. The wedlock of Helena and Faust has taken place long since in Christian art, and the voice of their child Euphorion may be heard in such lines as these:—

Ach.

See, while the maids warm in their busy play,
We may enjoy in quiet the sweet air,
And thro' the quivering golden green look up
To the deep sky, and have high thoughts as idle
And bright, as are the small white clouds becalmed
In disappointed voyage to the moon:
There is no better pastime.

Deid.

I will sit with thee
In idleness, while idleness can please.

Ach.

It is not idleness to steep the soul
In nature's beauty: rather every day
We are idle letting beauteous things go by
Unheld, or scarce perceived. We cannot dream
Too deeply, nor o'erprize the mood of love,
When it comes on us strongly, and the hour
Is ripe for thought.

And again, where Thetis declares herself to Deidamia there is a translation of classicism into romance:—

I Thetis am, daughter of that old god
Whose wisdom buried in the deep hath made

The unfathomed water solemn, and I rule
The ocean-nymphs, whose pastime is to play

In the blue glooms, and darting here and there

Chequer the dark and widespread melancholy

With everlasting laughter and bright smiles.

But with what charm these lines interpret the mirth and the solemnity of ocean.

"The Return of Ulysses" converts

into drama the closing scenes in Homer's *Odyssey*. The possibility of throwing the epic action into dramatic form had been suggested by Aristotle; but the reader can hardly help coming to Mr. Bridges' play with a foreboding of failure. He closes it in a pleasant surprise crying, "How well it goes!" And his final thought is too likely to be the ungrateful one, "But why, after all, should this have been written?" The drama is wrought with great skill; the action is conducted ingeniously; there is bright dialogue, with genuine dramatic play of mind in it; the characters are happily conceived. Yet everywhere the drama seems to offer us something inferior to what we already possess. Ingratitude to Mr. Bridges for having done well seems to be inevitable. There are things in the play, however, for which any but a churlish reader must thank him. The bard Phemius has sung an ode to sad music in the presence of Ulysses and the wooers, when Penelope suddenly enters with her attendant maids:—

Ulysses (aside).

I see the beacon of my life undimmed.

Penelope.

Hush ye these mournful strains!—'tis music's skill

To comfort and wean sorrow's heart away
With beautiful distractions from its woe:
Not to be plunged therein, and chafe remembrance

With added echoes. Oh, I have wept enough.

Would you my life should faster waste in grief,

That ye must widen more its aching channels

With melancholy dirges? These are fit
For souls at ease; ay, such as ye, my lords,
Who feel no thorns prick you, may love to drink

The soft compunctious mimics of woe.
But me with all your pleasures still ye vex,
In mine own house, forgetful of my wounds.
And in the following lines Penelope describes to her disguised husband the difficult life of hope that languishes from hour to hour:—

What is man's hope, good friend?
Is't not a beggar in the land of doubt,
Seeking as thou shelter and fire and food

From day to day? and, while she finds a little,

She travels on, comforting life's affections
With scraps and crumbs fall'n from the dish of joy.

'Tis thus hope lives, patient and pleasureless :

But time will come when hope must die ;
she feels

The gathering cold and creeping touch of death,

And hath no thought but how to pass in peace.

The excellence of the entire work is without strain ; and yet all the time the poet is striving in the impossible task of doing again, and in a different way, what has been done once for all, and absolutely. Why should he set himself to string Ulysses' bow ?

The scene of "Palicio" is in Sicily, at Palermo and on the hills above Monreale. The play is partly derived from what Mr. Bridges concisely describes as "a bad French story," Stendhal's "Vanina Vanini," in the "Chroniques Italiennes ;" but Stendhal's carbonaro of the nineteenth century is transported to somewhere about the year 1500, the character of Vanina is ennobled in that of Margaret, and the *denouement* is changed to one of happy love. The people of Palermo, moved by rumors of the death of the Spanish king, are in revolt against the unpopular viceroy, Hugo ; and Palicio — a brigand though of noble blood — has espoused the popular cause. He is taken prisoner, but escapes, and seeks shelter, wounded and disguised as a woman, in the house of his distant kinsman Manuel, the chief justiciary. Before she has seen him, Margaret, the beautiful sister of the justiciary, has allowed her imagination to play around the story of the brigand's heroism : —

Forgive me, friends ; I see
This man's your master, and I like him for it.

Bravery I love, and there's no cause so poor

It cannot justify.

She has observed by moonlight her brother bearing across the court a fainting woman whom he has secreted

in a chamber of the house ; she resolves to unravel the mystery, obtains admission to the chamber, and, in the wounded woman, discovers the brigand, Palicio. The aid of a surgeon is required, and Margaret brings the physician Rosso, her devoted though unrewarded lover, who submits to be blindfolded, to effect the brigand's cure. When Palicio has recovered, and joins his comrades in the hills, Margaret follows him. But in order to save him from the dangers of a rash enterprise against the viceroy, she (like her prototype in the "bad French story") betrays the names of his fellows, who in good time are placed under arrest. Palicio, with a gallantry, which is at once Margaret's admiration and despair, resolves to share their fate, and yields himself to the authorities. Margaret visits him in prison, confesses her plot against his rashness, and, when his indignation breaks forth against her, she falls seemingly lifeless at his feet. Palicio is stricken with remorse, rouses her from her swoon, and, upon her entreaty, again flies from prison. At the close, the popular uprising is quelled by the announcement that Manuel has been appointed viceroy in Hugo's place ; the brigands are pardoned, and the hand of Margaret is placed in that of her lover, Giovanni Palicio.

The play, which its author entitles "a romantic drama in the Elizabethan manner," would indeed take good rank if found among the works of the later Elizabethans. The tangle of incident, of which I have followed only the main thread, is ingeniously ravelled and unravelled. The dialogue is true dramatic dialogue. And the characters, if not strongly, are gracefully drawn. How true to the Elizabethan — or rather the Jacobean — manner, Mr. Bridges has contrived to be, a fragment of dialogue and a soliloquy will show. Margaret is conversing with her lover on the hills above Monreale : —

Mar.

See here the flowers

I have plucked. Know'st thou, Giovanni, why they grow ?

Pal.
How meanest thou?

Mar.
Why in one place one flower
Will grow and not another.

Pal.
Canst thou tell?

Mar.
The spirits of good men, allowed to wander
After their death about the mortal sites
Where once they dwelt, there where they
love to rest

Shed virtue on the soil, as doth a ray
Of sunlight : but the immortal qualities
By which their races differ, as they once
Differed in blood alive, with various power
Favor the various vegetable germs
With kindred specialty. This herb, I
think,

Grows where the Greek hath been. Its
beauty shows
A subtle and full knowledge, and betrays
A genius of contrivance. Seest thou how
The fading emerald and azure blent
On the white petals are immeshed about
With delicate sprigs of green? 'Tis there-
fore called
Love-in-a-mist.

Pal.
Who is this thistle here?

Mar.
O, he, with plumed crest, springing all
armed
In steely lustre, and erect as Mars,
That is the Roman.

Pal.
Find the Saracen.

Mar.
This hot gladiolus, with waving swords
And crying color.

Pal.
And this marigold?

Mar.
That is the Norman : nay, his furious
blood
Blazes the secret. 'Tis said, where'er he
roamed
This flower is common ; but 'tis in those
climes
Where he wrought best it wears the strong-
est hue,
And so with us 'tis bravest.

Pal.
And that's thy countryman?

Palicio's outbreak of admiration for his
brave Margaret in the last word gives a

true dramatic ending to a passage of
flower poetry — perhaps as graceful as
any written in drama since the incom-
parable one in which Perdita parted
her blossoms between Camillo and Po-
lixenes. Mr. Bridges excels in the
expression of exquisite pleasure. It is
not very often that he utters as full a
note of joy as that of Margaret's solilo-
quy when she sets forth to meet her
lover on the hills : —

O joy, my joy !

This beauteous world is mine :
All Sicily is mine :

This morning mine. I saw the sun, my
slave,

Poising on high his shorn and naked orb
For my delight. He there had stayed for
me,

Had he not read it in my heart's delight
I bade him on. The birds at dawn sang to
me,

Crying, "Is life not sweet? O is't not
sweet?"

I looked upon the sea : there was not one,
Of all his multitudinous waves, not one,
That with its watery drift at raking speed
Told not my special joy. O happy lovers
In all the world, praise God with me : his
angels

Envy us, seeing we are his favorites.

What else could grant such joy? Now on
my journey

Must I set forth to be a brigand's wife . . .
That's but the outward of it, and looks
strange :

For, oh, the heart of it is a fire of passion
To lick up trifling life.

In the preface to his "Sicilian Sum-
mer," Henry Taylor expressed a wish
that it were possible, not indeed to
repeat the comedy of the Elizabethan
age, but to renew the spirit that gave
it birth. Fictions as they were written
in the mid years of this century seemed
to him powerful only to give pain ; the
writers seemed "to despair of getting
an answer from the popular imagina-
tion in any other way than by breaking
it on the wheel." On the contrary,
romantic comedy, while light and sweet
for the most part, can be, as the author
of "A Sicilian Summer" alleges, in
turn serious, pathetic, and still more
eminently wise. Some part of Taylor's
wish has been fulfilled in our own day

by Mr. Bridges, and among the elements of his dramas those pleasantries of wisdom, which Henry Taylor especially commends, are not absent.

"The Humors of the Court" lies somewhere between an original play and an adaptation of Calderon's "El secreto á voces," a drama which long since furnished Gozzi with the material for his "Publico Secreto;" something also of which Mr. Bridges makes due acknowledgment, is derived from Lope's "El perro del hortelano." The reader whose Spanish is small, can follow Mr. Bridges to his sources through M'Carthy's translation of Calderon, and Eugène Baret's translation of Lope; but no such labor is needed for the enjoyment of what is in truth a delightful English comedy. There are two pairs of lovers, with a comic parallel, in proper Spanish fashion, in the love of servant-man and lady's-maid; and a plot of Calderon's construction is not likely to be lacking in bright ingenuity. Diana, Countess of Belflor, keeps her court with a code of fantastic, schoolgirl rules, involving fine and forfeit from the offenders. She secretly indulges the humor of her heart in a fancied passion—which is, in reality, no more than love-in-idleness—for her secretary, Frederick; but Frederick's affections are set in all earnestness upon the countess's adopted sister, Laura. Meanwhile, Frederick's old college companion, Richard, Duke of Milan, a rejected lover of Diana, visits her court in disguise, and lays his amorous plots with Frederick's assistance: We know how love-in-idleness is sometimes only a rehearsal for true hopes and fears and rapture; we remember how Shakespeare's Olivia can find in Sebastian another Cesario, and how readily Orsino can transfer his heart from Olivia to Viola. The god Amor in romantic comedy is not always the awful deity, but has in him somewhat of *der Schalk*. When Diana at length bends before Ricardo's ardor, we are content to believe that she was not indifferent to him on that day when he first beheld her among the Graces and Madonnas in his Holi-

ness's galleries at Rome, and that his presumption in first declaring his passion had not given the countess too fatal an offence. The play is in truth a play, not striking deep to the dark places of the human heart, but living in the air and sunlight and among the songs of birds. It is fit reading for some charmed holiday of summer.

"The Christian Captives" rehandles the subject of Calderon's "The Steadfast Prince," and is partly founded upon that admirable play. The theme, involving the enthusiasm of honor, the zeals, and even extravagances of pure passion, is better suited to the genius of the Spanish than to that of the English poet. The luminous ardors, the shining fantasies of Calderon are not aimed at or are not attained; and yet the action of the dramatic personages embodies extremes of resolve and of desire which even pass beyond the bounds assigned to the characters of "El Principe Constante." Almeh, daughter of the king of Fez, is beloved by the great general, now no longer young, Sala ben Sala, while her father designs her for the bride of Tarudante, prince of Morocco. But she has hardly exchanged glances with Ferdinand, the captive prince of Portugal, before she loves him, and with a love that is returned, or rather is anticipated. The same test of Ferdinand's constancy is proposed as in Calderon's play—will he deliver up the little town of Ceuta to the Moors, and the prince's answer is in substance the same—the city is not his to give, a Christian city belongs to God. Imprisonment and starvation fail to overcome his resolution, and, while he suffers, Almeh—now a baptized Christian—voluntarily takes like trials and sufferings upon herself. Even the promise of freedom, with the princess for his wife, cannot seduce Ferdinand from his loyalty to Portugal and Christ, and in an outbreak of rage the king of Fez stabs his captive. Almeh, seeking for the prince in the moonlit garden, discovers the body in the arbor where it has been laid by the Christian captives, who form the chorus of the play,

and she dies "upon a kiss." The victorious Portuguese, led by Ferdinand's brother, Prince Henry the Navigator, lay the bodies of the lovers in one grave in the Christian soil of Ceuta.

Chivalry, loyalty, courtesy, find beautiful expression in Mr. Bridges' play; in the rendering of tragic passion he is less successful. The poet declines to provide purple patches for the quotation of his critics; the dialogue is wrought into the action of the play. But *Almeh's* dream of the last Judgment is too impressive a piece of imagination to pass by, and if it be founded on any Spanish original — which probably is not the case — I do not know or I fail to recall it: —

For in my dream I saw the spirits of men
Stand to be judged: along the extended
line

Of their vast crowd in heaven, that like
the sea

Swayed in uncertain sheen upon the
boulders

Of its immensity, nor yet for that
Trespassed too far upon the airy shores,
I gazed. The unclouded plain, whereon
we stood,

Had no distinction from the air above,
Yet lacked not foothold to that host of
spirits,

In all things like to men, save for the
brightness

Of incorruptible life, which they gave forth.

Then, as I gazed, and saw
The host before me was of men, and I
In a like crowd of women stood apart,
The judgment, which had tarried in my
thought,

Began: from out the opposed line of men
Hundreds came singly to the open field
To take their sentence. There, as each
stepped forth,

An angel met him, and from out our band
Beckoned a woman spirit, in whose joy
Or gloom his fate was written. Nought
was spoken,

And they who from our squadron went to
judge

Seemed, as the beckoning angel, passion-
less.

Woman and man, 'twas plain to all that
saw

Which way the judgment went: if they
were blessed

A smile of glory from the air around them
Gathered upon their robes, and music
sounded

To guide them forward: but to some it
happened

That darkness settled on them. As a man
Who hears ill tidings wraps his cloak about
him,

For grief, and shrouds his face, not to be
seen;

So these by their own robes were swal-
lowed up,

That thinned to blackness and invisible
darkness,

And were no more. Thus, while I won-
dered much

How two fates could be justly mixed in
one,

Behold a man for whom the beckoning
angel

Could find no answering woman, and I
watched

What sentence his should be; when I my-
self

Was 'ware that I was called. A radiant
spirit

Waited for me. I saw Prince Ferdinand.

It is a vision which Rossetti might have put into color, if Rossetti could have pictured a woman's face as that of God's calm, unerring doomster.

No one of Mr. Bridges' plays is of higher intention than his "*Prometheus the Fire-giver*," and in no play has he succeeded better in executing his design. In form it is classical, with a chorus of youths and maidens of the house of Inachus. But in reading it we think little of the classical or romantic tradition, the modern or antique; the drama is neither one of manners nor of intrigue; its spiritual motives are forever old and forever new — desire and hope, love and courage, and aspiration for the better life of man. King Inachus and his household are devout worshippers of Zeus as the supreme god; but in their hearts lives the desire for that which the harshness of Zeus has withdrawn from earth — fire, the needful condition of human progress, the source from which must spring the comfort, the joy, and the glory of man's existence. It is dreamed of, but is still unknown; the servant lays fir-cones and sticks and

sun-dried logs ready for the sacrifice, but the flame to kindle them is lacking. On Zeus's festival the unknown Prometheus arrives at Argos, bearing in a reed the hidden spark. The king, with patient and pious spirit, has come to accept the cruel decree of heaven, and yet the longing in his heart for fire — fire, the beneficent — is not dead. The first task of Prometheus is to rouse the king from his religious apathy or submission, to infuse faith and hope into his spirit, and convince him that the truest piety lies in loyalty to his purest desire. Even after Inachus has been won over, there are the womanly timidities of Queen Argera to conquer, and Prometheus will cheat them with no illusion of unmingled personal joy in obtaining this gift of fire for the race — he sets forth the coming sorrow of the house in the metamorphosis of Io, and her wanderings through wild and distant lands. But faith is at last triumphant, and amid the enthusiastic songs of youths and maidens the flame leaps aloft from the pyre with bickering tongues. The choral odes are rhymed, and they close with one in praise of Prometheus, who, leaving his name inscribed on the altar, has disappeared on conferring his great gift. The blank verse is restrained, yet with an inward ardor, verse of steadfast wing, poised, but with an energy of advance.

Prometheus' vision of "fair Greece inhabited" is set forth in large, musical periods, such as could be written only by one who possessed a rare mastery of unrhymed heroic verse : —

Nature's varied pleasaunce
Without man's life is but a desert wild,
Which most where most she mocks him
needs his aid.
She knows her silence sweeter when it
girds
Her murmurous cities, her wide wasteful
curves
Larger beside his economic line ;
Or what can add a mystery to the dark,

As doth his measured music when it moves
With rhythmic sweetness through the void
of night ?

Nay, all her loveliest places are but grounds
Of vantage, where with geometric hand,
True square and careful compass he may
come

To plan and plant and spread abroad his
towers,

His gardens, temples, palaces, and tombs.
And yet not all thou seest, with tranced
eye

Looking upon the beauty that shall be,
The temple-crowned heights, the walled
towns,

Farms and cool summer seats, nor the
broad ways,

That bridge the rivers and subdue the
mountains,

Nor all that travels on them, pomp or war,
Or needful merchandise, nor all the sails
Piloting over the wind-dappled blue

Of the summer-soothed Ægean, to thy
mind

Can picture what shall be : these are the
face

And form of beauty, but her heart and life
Shall they be who shall see it, born to
shield

A happier birthright with intrepid arms,
To tread down tyranny and fashion forth
A virgin wisdom to subdue the world,
To build for passion an eternal song,
To shape her dreams in marble, and so
sweet

Their speech, that envious Time hearken-
ing shall stay

In fear to snatch, and hide her rugged
hand.

The entire drama has a grave, almost a religious, beauty. All the characters are good ; there is no tragic passion, in the ordinary sense of the word ; but Mr. Bridges convinces our imagination that the meeting of Prometheus and Inachus is one of the great and eventful moments in the history of the life of man.

To attempt anything of the nature of a final estimate of Mr. Bridges' work would be premature. My task has been a humbler one. I desire to make a gift of beauty more widely known to lovers of literature.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE RED BODICE AND THE BLACK FLY.

It was in the Highlands — no matter where — that the following adventure occurred.

I had weathered my thirtieth birthday heart whole, which phenomenon was probably due to the constant pursuit of sport from year's end to year's end ; but hints as to the desirability of matrimony had of late been frequently dropped by would-be well-wishers of both sexes, till at last my oldest male friend tackled me seriously on the subject. After listening patiently to all the usual arguments in favor of "settling down," to him I replied : "My dear man, I have no objection whatever to marriage, but there are the hounds to be hunted and looked after all winter ; horse-shows, dog-shows, steeple-chase riding, and salmon-fishing in the spring ; trout-fishing, racing, and polo in the summer ; salmon-fishing, shooting, and cub-hunting in the autumn ; now, how on earth can a fellow find time to discover and make up to a girl who, after all, might refuse him ? But look here," I added, after a short pause, "if you will select the young lady, do all the love-making, and arrange the preliminaries up to the church door, I'll marry her — there now !" For some reason or other he smiled, but I was left in peace ever afterwards to "gang my ain gate" as a hopeless bachelor.

This conversation took place at midsummer, while I was in the act of packing up my tackle preparatory to starting on a trout-fishing expedition to the Highlands.

For three consecutive seasons a certain river had completely puzzled me, and though the creel was now and then well filled, its contents on such rare occasions only acted as an incentive, and stimulated my piscatorial desires to the most acute pitch. For the fourth time, the previous summer, I had endeavored to discover the feeding habits of the grand trout with which the river swarmed, and with sufficient success to encourage me to make a fifth attempt. In addition to

the conviction that there were very heavy trout to be caught if one only knew now to circumvent them, the wild, weird nature of the river itself fascinated me. Its bottom is treacherous and shifting ; and in some places the whole of the powerful current is contracted between high and perpendicular cliffs, so that deep, rapid pools are formed between them ; while in others the river is broken up by islands, the root-bound banks of which overhang mysterious and awful-looking eddies. Scotch fir and spruce fight their way from between the crevices in the cliffs ; the banks of the broader streams and islands are bordered by alder, larch, and hazel ; and when I arrived, the high and sharply rising mountains, which flank the valley on either side, had just received the first purple tinge of heather bloom. The beauties of nature and high-class angling are inseparable, and the wilder and the more romantic the scenery, the more exciting and absorbing is the sport in proportion ; for who has ever caught either trout or salmon perfect in quality and beauty in an ugly country ? As scenery deteriorates, so do fish, till at last we arrive at "miller's thumbs" in a muddy roadside duck-pond. But I am digressing.

My latest experiences had taught me several things : firstly, that at midsummer the trout rose either at noon or midnight, and frequently at both times ; secondly, that the most killing flies were the yellow dun and black spider by day, and the partridge hackle and black spider by night ; and thirdly, that the finest tackle was in all cases necessary. Though, owing to the smoothness of its bottom, it did not always appear so, the current of the river was everywhere very strong, and therefore I found it advisable to use a well-oiled checkless reel if one would avoid breakages ; for, especially in the deep black hole between the cliffs, it was often impossible to see fish rise, as, lying near the surface, they sucked in the sunk fly, and then perhaps an unexpected and simultaneous "rug" by a brace of pounders would leave the

angler with little besides his rod and running-line. Another novelty in the equipment was an extra-sized landing-net made of waterproof silk—for that substance is least likely to become entangled with the flies, especially at night; and this on an iron rim was attached to a stout ash staff so as to assist me in wading. The rod I had designed for the river was a thirteen-foot single-handed greenheart with one splice, and in case the tackle should be seriously injured after dark a "bull's-eye" was not forgotten. My attendant, William, was an expert oarsman who at one time had almost laid claim to championship honors. But beyond being a faithful servant, this was his sole qualification as a gillie, for he had never seen a fish caught with rod and line in his life; and I mention his accomplishment because, had it not been for his fine oarsmanship, I would probably have been drowned in attempting to cast over the mighty trout the capture of which was destined to change the whole course of my life. Local gillies there were in plenty,—Black Hughs and Red Hughs, Red Sandies and Black Sandies, and Rodericks and Donalds galore of every size and color, whose business it was to pilot visitors on the great black loch twelve miles long, or offer them sage advice on the banks of the river which flowed from it. Half a mile from the loch and close to the river my quarters were situated. I had engaged the best of these men some weeks beforehand, but at the last moment he threw me over; so, having, as I opined, a sufficient knowledge of the loch, and being conceited enough to believe that I knew more about the river than any one else, William was imported.

Many an hour had I pondered, many a pipe had I smoked during the winter evenings over the mysteries of this unconquerable river, and once again I was tucked up in a "sleeper" and travelling northward; and I did dream of playing alligators on drawn gut; of quicksands and terrible waterfalls towards which I was irresistibly drawn; of rivers without bottoms, and lakes

without ends, till suddenly a shrill, and, as it seemed, familiar whistle awoke me to the fact that the train was wending its way through the Pass of Killiecrankie, and that, so far as rail was concerned, the journey was near its end.

As we started on a long drive, after quitting the train, the creamy-looking mists were just dispersing up the mountain-sides under the influence of the rising sun, and perhaps the most lovely country in the world lay before us.

I am a violin-player, and so powerful was the influence of the scenery over me, that it was impossible to deny the "cremona" an opportunity of speaking. As the view constantly changed, some old Highland air applicable to the spot we were passing sprang from the brain to the strings: for instance, while within sight of a cluster of thatched cottages, or a cultivated farm on the hillside, "Auld Robin Gray," "Jessie the Flower of Dunblane," and "My Heart is sair for Somebody," rang from the king of all instruments; while a turn in the road through a rocky pass would suggest "Lochiel's March" or "Charlie is my Darling;" and farther on, with the half-way roadside inn in sight, could one resist "Gillie Callum," "Tullochgorum," "Mrs. McLeod," and other blood-stirring "skirls"?

At half past ten we arrived at our destination, and found the hotel empty, for by that time in the morning all the visitors were out fishing, either on the loch or the river; so having accepted the hospitable dram on crossing the threshold, the greenheart was spliced, and all speed made for the deep black pool between the cliffs previously referred to. The weather being very hot, to that particular spot I had pinned my faith, feeling sure that at midday trout would be on the lookout for fly in the cool shades. As we approached, what was my horror on perceiving a bright red spot, like a danger-signal, perched on the very apex of the cliff overhanging the pool! On a closer inspection the "danger-signal" proved to be a

lady who was sketching, and so vivid was the color of her bodice that its reflection could be seen in the depths below. The back of the sketcher alone being visible, in my indignation it was but natural to conclude that she also wore blue stockings, spectacles, and a wig; for I had travelled four hundred miles to fish the Cliff Pool, only to find every trout in it scared by what I regarded as some hideous apparition. In the intense heat it was of no use fishing the open streams, so I returned in the worst of tempers, and sulked for the rest of the day on the loch. The next three days were passed in exactly the same manner, and I began to think that the sketch, which no doubt was a frightful daub, would never be finished.

Now, an angler who would do himself and his water justice must be absolutely free from all restraint, for his movements entirely depend on the whims of the fish—he should feed when they do *not*, rest when they *do*, and be at hand at all times, never leaving the water-side so long as a chance remains; consequently, what with fishing the river at midday, the loch in the afternoon and evening, watching the river at night (as yet there had been no sign of the night rise), and resting in the morning when fishing in the river was useless, I was never in at meal-times, and therefore had no idea who the other visitors in the hotel were till I met them at the five-o'clock *table d'hôte* on Sunday. Arriving somewhat late for dinner after a wander by the beloved river, I felt dimly conscious, on being conducted to a seat, that there was something *red* in the room, and presently found myself placed opposite to that red something. Instantly it occurred to me that at last I was face to face with the “enemy” in the red bodice. Anon peeping over my soup-plate, I perceived that the hands belonging to the wearer of the objectionable garment were small and delicately formed; so after the approved manner of the clown in the pantomime, who, having recently stolen a leg of mutton, suddenly discovers the

baton of a policeman under his nose, my gaze gradually travelled upwards from her hands till, instead of beholding, as I expected, the countenance of a starched and grim “blue stocking,” my eyes met those of the most lovely girl I have ever seen. To me the shock was almost galvanic. Next to Miss “Red Bodice” sat her father, a handsome old clergyman, and the general conversation chancing to turn on scenery and painting, there could no longer be any doubt that the young lady was the “danger-signal” of the Cliff Pool.

Though incompetent to do justice to the subject, I will attempt to describe her as she rose to leave the table. She had a great quantity of dead-colored brown hair, growing low on the broad brows, from which it was simply bound back, a nose neither Grecian nor Roman, and a complexion clear and pale. The upper lip was perhaps a thought too long; but so wonderfully sensitive were the curves of the mouth that they seemed to lend to her large, dreamy hazel eyes an expression almost mystical, so that I feared to look her in the face. Her voice was rich and musical, her name Nellie, and tall, with a beautifully proportioned figure *vera incessu patuit dea*.

I love beauty, whether visible in scenery, dogs, horses, women, or fish; but the latter were uppermost in my mind at the moment, and it seemed that the only chance of getting at the Cliff Pool would be by making friends with his reverence and his daughter, and then by some stroke of diplomacy persuading her to paint elsewhere. With this object in view, I regularly attended every meal for the next few days (much to the astonishment of William, who could not understand such a change of procedure), and was soon on the best of terms with the father, who was not only a charming man, but as keen on fishing as a school-boy out for a holiday. One morning, while strolling round a secluded angle of the hotel, I found the young lady in the act of assisting her father to put on his waders, and was about to retire

when he called me back. As we chatted over the fishing prospects of the day, it was impossible not to observe the graceful simplicity of her movements, as, kneeling down, she buckled on her father's brogues, nor the evident strong affection between father and daughter. Presently handing me a bunch of trout-flies, he asked my opinion of them, and after a critical examination, I replied that they were the most daintily and best tied flies I had ever seen, but that perhaps some of the patterns were not quite suitable to the river.

"Nellie, do you hear that?" said the old gentleman, with a smile, as he laid one hand on her glossy hair; then turning to me, he added, "My daughter dresses all my flies." How often since have I thanked my stars that I found no fault with those flies!

Away trotted the happy father over the bridge in order to fish, as was his custom, some easily accessible streams from the opposite side of the river; while Nellie tripped into the house, but soon, as I observed from a coigne of vantage, reappeared laden with sketching materials, and took the path down the near bank in the direction of the Cliff Pool. Now, if ever, was my opportunity to come to some arrangement with the "danger-signal" as to the coveted cast; so having given her half an hour's start, I collected William and the tackle and deliberately followed. When within sight of the red bodice, by a wave of the hand I signalled William to turn off to the right down-stream outside the plantation, and then alone I entered the shade of the Scotch firs. The sound of footsteps was rendered inaudible to Nellie by the murmur of the river, and as her back was towards me, she was quite unconscious that any one was approaching. In a soft contralto voice she was singing "Jock o' Hazeldean" as she painted, and this was followed by "Comin' thro' the Rye." Standing motionless within a few paces of her, who could resist remaining in concealment till the last rich note had ceased to vibrate? Then I felt what a selfish

brute I was; for what right had I to intrude upon the privacy of this sweet songstress, or interfere with her happiness? But I had gone too far to retreat, and could now only make the best of the matter by presenting myself. On seeing me, as was to be expected, she started violently.

"Pardon me," I said, "I am most awfully sorry. I did not intend to frighten you—indeed I did not. Do forgive me. I only wanted to ask you something, if I may."

"Oh, certainly," she answered, smiling, and quickly recovering herself, but glancing rather nervously (as I thought) up-stream towards her father, who was within sight.

Seating myself on the edge of the cliff a few yards off, I continued: "This is the best pool in the river; would you mind sitting a little farther back, because" (pointing downwards) "your reflection scares the trout?"

A ruder, more bungling speech no man could have made. Fancy bird, beast, or fish being scared by an apparition half so lovely!

"I am so sorry," she answered; "but why did you not tell me before? I have never seen any one attempt to fish this pool, and I did not think it was possible."

"Yes," I said, "it is very difficult, but it *can* be done,—but pray do not move," I added, as she was about to rise, "for it is too late to do any good to-day."

After conversing on other topics as long as propriety allowed, I took my leave, only hoping that I had not seriously offended her. Conscious of my rudeness, and feeling, for some other cause (which I did not then understand), very shy and uncomfortable, both dinner that night and breakfast next morning were avoided. I turned out William early without a word as to our destination, which, it is needless to say, was the Cliff Pool; and with an involuntary sigh on passing the spot from which Miss — had been so ruthlessly driven, I climbed down the only accessible route to the water, and then in the shade of the overhanging

rock awaited the movements of the fish. About eleven o'clock a nose, and then another and another, broke the perfectly smooth, dark water, and the sport began. To reach the fish upstream it was necessary to wade waist-deep, supporting one's self the while with one arm round any convenient root or bough—for the current was tremendously strong. The black fly did its deadly work, and in an hour and a half I had killed ten splendid fish,—six of three-quarters of a pound each, and three of one pound, winding up with a perfect two-pounder. He was a most determined fish, and must have fought for quite twenty minutes, keeping me in suspense up to the last, as he tried again and again to foul the fine tackle among the roots and *débris*. There were still one or two heavy fish rising at the head of the pool where no man could reach them; but, well pleased with the contents of the creel, I went ashore and scrambled up the cliff.

About thirty yards in rear of her former position sat Miss Nellie, sketching, but she no longer wore the red bodice. Beside her lay what was evidently the original and nearly completed painting, while in her hands she held an almost blank sheet on which outlines were being patiently drawn. Instantly it struck me that the alteration in her position had necessitated a change in the whole picture; and then for the first time I fully realized how by brutal selfishness I had not only driven away the real and greatest charm of the Cliff Pool, but had also put a lovely and sweet-tempered girl to unnecessary pain and trouble. Hat in hand I walked up, and without a word turned out the fish at her feet.

"Oh! oh! what beauties! I am so glad," she exclaimed, while a flush like a rosy cloud at sunset tinted her fair face.

"They are all yours," I answered; "but I would rather not have caught them."

"Why not?" she inquired, looking up at me with that mystical expression which I positively dreaded to encounter.

"Because," I blurted out awkwardly, glancing at the nearly finished picture beside her, and the newly commenced drawing in her hands—"because I would rather never throw a line again than that you should not sketch from the top of the cliff, and dressed as you were before. I have been most rude and inconsiderate, and humbly beg your pardon."

The flush deepened on her innocent countenance, while, dropping on my knees (only to turn over some of the trout, of course), I awaited her reply; but she only said simply, "Indeed there is nothing to forgive."

Looking at the painting, one could not but be struck by the wonderful power and boldness of the coloring,—it was the Cliff Pool to the life.

"You must finish that," I continued; "it is splendid."

"Do you think so? well, perhaps some day when you are out on the loch, or after you have gone away, I may come back and finish it." And so we parted.

I had said too much and made matters worse, like the stupid blockhead that I am; for I now felt perfectly certain that the *hour* of the Cliff Pool had been frightened away for good and all, unless by some *ruse* she could be tempted to return. The next day she was, as I expected, on the opposite bank with her father. I attacked the Cliff Pool, killed some fine trout, and went home miserable; but after much thought a stratagem had been decided upon.

That night at dinner I drew an extremely uninteresting neighbor into an angling conversation, and took particular pains to inform him several times in the most distinct language that I intended to fish the loch on the morrow. Glancing furtively at Nellie, I felt sure that she had heard enough; so presently, after a post-prandial pipe with her dear old father, I retired to bed, but not to sleep; for I could no longer disguise from myself the fact that I was, to say the least of it, uncomfortably in love. At daybreak the unfortunate William was turned out,

and having launched the boat, we pulled to the loch; for it occurred to me that if the boat was not taken out, any one might conclude we were on the river. Half a mile up the loch-side the boat was beached behind a conveniently projecting promontory. Then we cut across country to the Cliff Pool, and having descended the rocks, snoozed with one eye open till the sun was high. Only five fish were bagged, but they were all heavy, and the largest and last caught scaled nearly one and a half pounds. Just as he was lifted in the landing-net, I saw the red flash of the "danger-signal" on the water; and climbing up the cliff as usual, I literally, over its edge, presented my head at her feet. If she had been frightened before, she was terrified this time, for she gave a half-stifled exclamation, and I saw with horror that she was actually fainting. Instantly I dashed off for water, and compelled her to drink some out of the cup of the flask, when she soon recovered. It was of no use attempting to apologize, for I was beyond the pale of forgiveness; so I sat down beside her in mute shame.

Presently, with a painful effort she said, "You—you said at dinner last night that you were going to fish the loch to-day, and I saw your boat was out."

"Yes," I replied, "so it was, and I have been on the loch to-day."

"It must be a good day on the loch," she continued, looking skywards, while the soft zephyrs ruffled her hair; "why did you not persevere?"

"I changed my mind because I preferred the Cliff Pool, and because—and because I wanted to see the sketch finished," was my clumsy answer.

Now Nellie's skirt was made of rough blue serge, and it had gathered a considerable quantity of thistle-down and burrs, and the edge of the skirt lay very near to me. I had commenced to pick off the thistle-down, when she said, "Oh! please do not trouble; all that will easily brush off."

Paying no attention to her remark, I continued my occupation with great contentment; for, for the first time I

was touching something belonging to Nellie, and while the last burr was being lingeringly removed I said, "I will promise you faithfully not to come near the river to-morrow on any pretext whatever. An angling club is coming over to hold a competition on the loch, and all the boats have been requisitioned except mine, which, being very small, is considered dangerous; so I shall go out to see the fun." And then, after the trout had been inspected, I retired.

Next day two brakes full of anglers arrived, and the fleet of boats which had been collected overnight was soon dispersed over the loch. William and I slipped off early. It was a breathless morning, and there was not even a cloud to darken the shining surface of the water, but nevertheless the trout began to move; so, standing up in the bows with the finest tackle, and directing the expert William, I stalked the rises, and began picking up a few fish. Presently, observing our success, several boats visited us, and the boatmen, knowing me well, asked if I would give their employers a few small flies, for the equipment of the competing anglers was of the coarsest description. My stock of black spiders with the silver twist was running very low, and as yet I had not even commenced night fishing; but I had telegraphed for more flies, and could not refuse.

I took the usual watch by the river that night, and from certain indications felt sure that there would be a rise within twenty-four hours. No flies had come by the evening mail, and nothing remained in the book which could be trusted to. Nellie, and only Nellie, could dress the flies I wanted; so after breakfast next morning I presented myself before her and her father. "I want to ask your daughter, sir, a great favor," I said. "I believe that the trout will rise on the shallow above the bridge to-night, and having given all my spiders away on the loch yesterday, I have no suitable flies left, as the new supply has not arrived. Would Miss — be so very kind as to tie me a few? I have all the materials."

After casting an inquiring glance at his daughter, he replied, "Oh yes, I am sure Nellie will, if you will give her a pattern."

"Thank you very much," I answered, bowing towards her, and adding, "Perhaps you will be going down the river to sketch presently? I have some letters to write, and could follow with the fly-box in about an hour. May I?"

The answer being in the affirmative, I retired jubilant at the success of my diplomacy; for I would not only obtain the flies, but also an interview with Nellie, with her father's full knowledge and consent. Of course I wrote no letters, and in considerably less than an hour arrived at the Cliff Pool.

"Well," I said, as I sat down beside her, "I have not frightened you this time, have I?"

"No," she answered, laughing merrily, "not this time."

Then we set to work on the flies.

Presently I said: "I want to beg your pardon for something. The first morning I saw you here I stood close behind you for a considerable time while you were singing 'Jock Hazel-dean' and 'Comin' thro' the Rye.' It was very rude; but I love music, and your voice is so sweet. Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," she answered, "you are forgiven; but you must not flatter me. Give me the wax, please; and just see what a dreadful tangle you are getting the silk into!"

So, by way of keeping my hands occupied, I discovered some particles of thistle on her dress, and felt very happy. The tiny black spiders with the silver twist and the partridge hackles were works of art.

During the afternoon I put one of my finest casts together with elaborate care, attaching thereto two black spiders with an intermediate partridge hackle. Then the rod was overhauled from butt to tip, the checkless reel oiled, and the tackle complete placed where I could get at it at any moment.

Night came at last, warm, quiet, and starry, for there was no moon, and I

took up my old post below the nearest arch, through which a view of the shallows above could be commanded. There were several people standing on the bridge, and amongst them I recognized the figures of Nellie and her father. As I was about to give up hope, he came running towards me saying, "There is a fish as big as a grilse rising above the third arch."

"I see him," I answered, and then made all speed for William's room. He was asleep, and I shook him by the shoulder.

"William," I said, "tumble on some clothes; there is a big fish rising. I am going to try to wade through the first arch. If I cannot do it, drop the boat back and pick me up. Be quick and quiet."

William no doubt looked upon me as eccentric; but he was always up to time, so I scrambled down-stairs, seized the rod, and hurried back to the river. The wading required extreme caution, for it was necessary to enter the arch on the very verge of, and within the suck of, the swirling eddies below. My progress was very slow, and when half-way through the arch the current was too much for me, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the position could be maintained. I whistled, and was most thankful to see a dark object approaching. Having laid the rod carefully in the boat, I scrambled in over the stern, saying, "Row for your life." Such words were, however, unnecessary, for the sculls were being dashed through the water as if they were a couple of walking-sticks. For a few moments it was any one's race, so to speak; but gradually William got the best of the "suck," and we emerged above the bridge. Poor fellow, he is gone now, and I do not think in his best days he ever made a pluckier spurt "between the bridges." We were now in easy water close to the bank, and I saw the great fish moving just above the buttress between the second and third arches; so, letting out line, I began to try the distance. In the darkness the reach of the fly could only be estimated by the weight of line

out and the swing of the rod; and knowing the water well, I assumed the fish to be nearly twenty yards off. The first cast in a diagonal and downward direction across the stream produced a heavy wave and a light touch. With a little more line the throw was immediately repeated, and I held him fast. If the fish had bolted down through the bridge my chances would have been slender indeed; but fortune favored me and he moved up-stream, quietly at first, and then dashed several times across the river and back, but always working higher up after each run. Presently he sailed straight up the river, and following in the boat we were soon out of sight of the spectators on the bridge. The river above us was broad, with a gravel bottom, and I feared nothing except some weeds near the opposite bank. The tactics of crossing the river from side to side were repeated many times, but at last I was sensible that the fish's efforts were becoming weaker, and that he was beginning to come to me. Gradually we dropped down stream, being careful to keep well below the trout, till the place from which we had started was reached, and then I directed William to let the bow of the boat just touch the shingle, so that in case of need he could push off with a single stroke. The spectators had collected behind me, and I called to one of the hotel servants to bring my landing-net. He promptly returned with a thing not fit to land roach in. "No, no," I cried, "my big net—quick, it is hanging up in the hall." Then I heard a voice say, "Run, Nellie; you know where it is," and in a minute or two there was a light step in the boat and the net lay beside me.

"Now," I said, "come in front of me."

"I cannot, I cannot," she answered. "I have never landed so large a fish in my life."

"I am sure you can," I replied; "only do exactly what I tell you. Kneel down and put the net in the water with just the top of the rim out—that's right; now a little slanting—

that will do; keep perfectly steady till I tell you to lift."

The fish was dead beat, and not more than twenty yards off, for I could now see the black line of his back on the surface of the water as I cautiously wound him in. It was a moment of intense excitement, such as no man who has ever had a similar experience could ever forget. The trout was coming down the stream wide of the net, but an old trick did me good service in the hour of need. If you would draw a fish towards the bank without disturbing him do not increase the pressure, but move gently back yourself. This piece of strategy I performed by stepping backwards over the mid-thwart of the boat, and now the fish was in line with the landing-net. Nearer and nearer came the broad black back. "Now," I said, and the next moment the great trout was floundering in the bottom of the boat. "Well done! I knew you could do it," I said, and then I knocked the fish on the head and cut the gut a few inches from his mouth, leaving the fly therein. Nellie stood on the bank beside her father; and, carrying the fish in the net, I joined them. Together we entered the empty dining-room of the hotel, and having hunted for lights, the scales, and a dish, inspected the capture. The back of the trout was dark green, with black spots; he had three rows of large bright red spots on his sides, which were golden, gradually fading into silver, below; his shape was perfect, and he turned the beam at five pounds. The battle had lasted an hour and a half, and it was now nearly an hour after midnight. After the long suppressed excitement, my hands trembled so much that I could scarcely hold the weights. Nellie's face was flushed, and her eyes more brilliant than ever. Her enthusiastic father gave me a mighty slap on the back, with this remark, "Well done, boy! well done! I have seen and performed many difficult angling feats, but I never met any one who could touch you either in fine fishing or perseverance."

"No, sir," I answered, pointing to

the fish, "do not say so. I did not dress *that* fly, nor did I land the trout; I have to thank your daughter for both."

"Well, well," he replied, glancing at my dripping garments, "you had better drink a glass of toddy and turn in."

"Yes," I said, "as soon as I have packed up the fish, for he will be preserved with the fly in his mouth."

The praise was of course far more than I deserved, but the source from which it came made it gratifying. I am afraid I drank more than one toddy and smoked innumerable pipes that night (or rather morning), for sleep was impossible, and I had made up my mind to ask his reverence's permission on the first opportunity to become a suitor for his daughter's hand. He came down to breakfast, but she did not, having, as he told me, a headache; so I promptly offered to accompany him to the river, and there, as we were putting the tackle together I said what I believe is usual on such occasions.

He replied, "I tell you, candidly, I have liked you from the first, and have not been blind to the occurrences of the past three weeks. I love my daughter, as you know, very dearly, and, of course, wish to see her happily married; provided, therefore, that your worldly position is such as to ensure her comfort, she shall be left perfectly free to decide for herself."

A long and uninteresting discussion on business matters then ensued, which need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that it terminated in my favor.

"Then I have your leave, sir, to propose to your daughter," I presently said.

"You have," he answered gravely.

"Where shall I be likely to find Miss —?" I inquired.

"Not at the Cliff Pool, I think," he said, with a smile, "for the picture of that place is finished; but," he added, with exasperating deliberation, "I rather fancy Nellie said something about commencing another sketch about a mile up the loch-side."

"Which side?" I asked impetuously.

"The left bank, I think," was the answer; and then, as I rose to go, he looked up wistfully in my face and said, "Should she accept you, you will be good to my girl, will you not?"

There was something very touching in this appeal, and in the tone of his voice. I answered, "I swear to you, sir, I have never loved before, and would do my best."

"Then go, and my good wishes are with you," he said, in a voice which trembled with emotion.

Now, I have a harmless wee black doggie named Laird. His chief characteristic is fidelity, and his greatest accomplishment "begging" and sneezing for cakes or whatever he may want. He never notices any one unless they are friends of mine, and was of course on intimate terms with Nellie and her father. With Laird at my heels I strode along. The road along the loch-side is almost level, so that one can see a long way in front; and when only a short distance had been covered, I sighted the "danger-signal" seated on a rocky promontory. Presently, in turning the corner, I found the object of my search had suddenly vanished, and I stood still, completely at fault. In my perplexity I decided to consult Laird.

"Laird, where is my lovely, darling Nellie? where is she? you *must* find her — I cannot live without her. Where is my sweet angel? Find her, Laird, and you shall have more cakes than you can ever eat." The doggie on hearing the word "cakes" sat up and sneezed violently several times. I went on, "Nellie has lots of cakes, — find Nellie." By way of reply he put his head on one side, with one ear up and the other down, winked at me with both eyes, and then made off for the bushes above the road. I followed, and not ten yards off sat Nellie among some old heather under the birks. Seeing me approaching, from a distance, she had naturally in her nervous modesty intended to conceal herself till I had passed; but Laird had upset her calculations. I sat down at her knees, while Laird, curling himself up

against her dress opposite, peeped slyly across at me as much as to say, "Now we have got her between us; it is all right, isn't it?" Nellie was blushing painfully; for of course she had heard every word of my conversation with the dog, and knew that I must be aware of the chief cause of her confusion. So distressed was she, that her eyes began to fill with tears. My mouth was parched as with a fever, but I succeeded in addressing her by her Christian name for the first time.

"Nellie, I have not come here without your father's sanction; you must know, at any rate now, how dearly I love you. Will you marry me?"

The pent-up tears ran down her face, and presently I heard an almost inaudible yes; so I threw my arms round her and drew down her pretty head on to my shoulder.

What an afternoon that was amongst the heather!

As I write this, beautifully preserved with the fly in his mouth, the trout stands on a table at my right, while the sketch of the Cliff Pool hangs on the opposite wall.

We revisit our happy fishing-ground every summer, and never pass the Cliff Pool without a kiss, and indeed a great many (Nellie is pulling my hair, and says I have no business to mention all those kisses—but I shall), in commemoration of our first meeting.

I do not fish quite so hard as I used to; for every now and then I find myself leaving the water when Nellie is sketching from the bank above, and then dropping down beside her, I listen to the sweet songs of Scotland till the tears of joy spring to my eyes.

ARTHUR CRAWSHAY.

From The Contemporary Review.
HISTORY OF ENGLISH POLICY.

BY SIR J. R. SEELEY.

THERE seems occasion to apply a doctrine of relativity to English history. It is well known that a principal cause of error in all departments of

study is the tendency to isolate the object of study, to consider it in itself alone, neglecting its relations to other things. In order to avoid this cause of error it has been necessary in most departments formally to preach a doctrine of relativity, and to protest against the unreal abstractions, the imaginary or merely verbal entities which swarm so long as we contemplate things in themselves alone rather than in the complicated relations in which nature presents them to us. There is a fallacy, which might be called the fallacy of capital letters, and without entering into the natural sciences we may find endless examples of the great practical evils which it has caused. Error of a special kind gathers round those capital letters by which we distinguish abstract names. While we talk with comparative safety of men and women, as soon as we begin to speak of Man and Woman we expose ourselves to indefinite chances of error. The Man or Woman we have thus created for ourselves turns out again and again to be an unreal thing, a kind of mythical being, to whom in giving it abstraction we have given imaginary qualities and often an imaginary history. Thus, for example, if we analyze the causes of the French Revolution, we find at the bottom of all abuses, political and social, a perverted way of thinking, a philosophy which erred precisely in the way just described. The philosophy of the day had accustomed itself to think far too absolutely about human nature, to speak far too lightly of Man, and to lay down propositions far too sweeping about Man in general. To that generation, says M. Taine, Man appeared to be a very simple puppet, the motions of which were completely understood. The fallacy of capital letters had taken possession of a whole age, and thus a mental oversight became an enormous practical evil, a cause of infinite crimes and revolutions, an epidemic disease ravaging the world.

This form of error has now been pretty thoroughly investigated. We have all been warned against the pre-

tentious abstractions which so readily take the place of real things, against the artificial entities which the mind creates by considering things absolutely rather than in their relations. And yet we do not cease to make the mistake. The artificial entities still swarm in all our minds, surrounded with a whole mythology of fantastic beliefs which may at any time translate themselves into practical evils. Let me take an example from one of the greatest departments of knowledge, from history, and especially from English history.

What is the precise subject with which English history deals? What is the thing or object which it contemplates? Few people trouble themselves to ask this question, while the most content themselves with assuming that everything interesting, or amusing, or curious, that ever happened in England must of necessity belong to English history. If we lay it down that the people who live and have lived in England are the subject of English history we propound indeed something tolerably obvious, yet it is already almost more than the average dabbler in English history is accustomed to recognize.

But having once conceived such a thing as the people of England, we have already one of those general names which we may spell with a capital letter, and to which we may attach all the fallacies which gather so readily round capital letters. A host of general propositions swarm at once round the name. The people of England is the English race, and the English race has all the qualities we know so well. It rules the waves; by a natural vocation it is irresistible and even victorious by sea. It is free; wherever it comes it brings certain institutions which protect it against the tyrannies to which other nations not so blest sooner or later fall a prey. It has a certain natural good sense and practical judgment which have been denied to other races who may possess more refinement. And so on. A whole doctrine has gathered itself round this name, En-

glish people—a doctrine which few of us have ever taken the trouble to verify. It is a doctrine which we have acquired by isolating the phenomenon, and considering it in itself alone, just one of those doctrines, therefore, which we ought to regard with suspicion. It is one of those doctrines which might easily involve us in great calamities. Thus the doctrine, that the English people is always free, might lead us to ruin if we overlooked how easily, after all, the one-man power springs up among us; and the doctrine that Britannia rules the waves might ruin us if it led us to forget that the waves after all are apt to be ruled by the strongest fleet.

What the people of England is, and what are its qualities, we are to discover from its history, not to assume before entering upon the study of its history. Scarcely any error is more gross and yet more ordinary than that which explains historical events by reference to national character, the knowledge of which, being the last result of history, is not to be assumed in the examination of historical problems. But the people of England must be studied, not merely in this inductive way, but also in its relations. The English people, more than most others, are what they are in consequence of their relations to peoples who live outside England. This is one of the consequences of their being an insular people. But in some degree it is true of all great States, that they must not be studied in isolation. In France and Germany, as well as in England, the course of history has been determined in a great degree by causes which lie outside France and Germany. And yet this is a truth difficult to bear in mind, in consequence, not merely of the disposition to which we are all subject, to consider things too much in isolation, too much absolutely and too little relatively, but also in consequence of the practice which prevails of dividing history according to countries. We write histories of France or England, and no other kind of histories, so that we hardly know where to look if we

would inform ourselves about the relations between France and England. International relations are apt to drop out of sight while this system prevails, and a kind of tacit assumption establishes itself, that in each State the causes of the course of its history are always to be sought within the State itself. Thus, when we study the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament we consider the arbitrary disposition of Charles on the one side, and on the other all the causes which roused the spirit of resistance in his people and gave that spirit a centre in the Parliament. But few of us find a place in the picture for Richelieu, or remember that the Thirty Years' War was contemporaneous with the growth of our civil troubles and with our first civil war. Few of us feel it necessary to study these Continental movements as if it were possible that in them might be found, at least in part, the explanation of our insular disturbances. No, we have formed the habit of regarding each State as if it were in a manner watertight. We have been driven to this habit by finding that our books treat States separately and will not therefore help us to understand any interaction that there may be between different States. To be sure there are exceptions. M. Albert Sorel has written a book called "*L'Europe et la Révolution Française*," in which he considers the causes of the French Revolution in all Europe at once. It may be called a study in international history, and it is so profoundly instructive that it may well lead us to consider how rich and fruitful is this subject of the interaction of States which has been so little cultivated.

I arrive at the conclusion that we should recognize such a department of study as international history. To a State like England, international history must needs be exceptionally important, considering that we have always been an island, and in the last two centuries we have become a world-empire. The people of England is not, at least now, equivalent to the people living in England; the activity

of English people is by no means limited by our insular frontiers. If, therefore, we would rightly understand English history, we ought not to look at the English people alone, but at the English people in its relations to surrounding States. Continental States have for a long time exerted influence upon us and received influence from us. These States, then, along with our own, form a whole which ought to be considered together. It is not sufficient to trace the course of internal development in our own country; we should trace at the same time the development of those other States which in various ways, whether by wars or negotiations or by the various instruments of culture, by thought, religion, science, or literature, have modified and received modification from our internal development.

And yet it has not been our custom to study English history in this way. We have indeed necessarily brought it into connection with Continental States, so far as we have waged war with them; but we have not held in general that our own State ought not to be regarded as an isolated whole but as part of a system which includes more than one Continental State. We have commonly, indeed, done France the honor of giving her a little attention, but scarcely any other Continental State. The fact that we once took a Dutch Stadtholder for our king, has not led us to feel that we cannot understand our own history without mastering at the same time the history of the Dutch Republic, nor do we feel called upon to master the history of the Spanish monarchy because it once sent an Armada against us, nor because we have, twice since, early in the eighteenth and again early in the nineteenth century, waged war in the Spanish Peninsula. And even in the slight excursions which our historians do make into the history of Continental States, they commonly exhibit little thoroughness or seriousness. John Mitchell Kemble, if I remember right, warned Macaulay of the insufficiency of the knowledge of German affairs

which he brought to his narrative of a great European war, and his knowledge of even that part of the reign of Louis XIV., which, as the historian of the war of the League of Augsburg, he was bound to know, is by no means so profound as his knowledge of the insular England of the same time. We need not be ashamed of living in an island. At the same time, if we would write our own history and estimate worthily the part we have played in the general development, we ought not to make ourselves out more insular than we are. We have, in fact, in all periods exerted a powerful influence upon the Continent which is so near to us, and also received powerful influences from it. All this interaction deserves to be described as much as the movements which have begun and ended within the island. Here is an inquiry which hitherto has been much neglected. It is not confined to history. Some student will perhaps soon make a name by treating English literary history as if England were not an island—in other words, by discussing thoroughly the influence which foreign literatures have had on our own and the influence which our literature has had upon foreign literatures. French writers say glibly, "Montaigne and his pupil Shakespeare." Has the final book yet been written on the debt which Shakespeare owed to Montaigne? Or the influence of French writers upon English since the French school of English poetry came to an end? Has that been thoroughly treated? For instance, the influence of Rousseau in England; or later the influence of Balzac upon Thackeray. Again, who has thoroughly treated the curiously powerful influence of English literature in the eighteenth century upon the slowly rising literature of Germany, the influence of Milton, Thomson, and, most curious of all, Young; then that of Goldsmith and Sterne, and more commanding and decisive than any other influence, that of Shakespeare. Not indeed that these subjects have been left untreated. All or almost all have been discussed, but they have not

been discussed together or completely—that is, the problem of the relation of English to Continental literature has not been tackled. We possess scarcely any book similar to M. Sayous' "*La Littérature Française à l'étranger*." Thus, in literary history and equally, we may add, in the history of thought and philosophy, it would be possible to efface the insularity which clings to our view of ourselves, and to contemplate England not absolutely, as it is in itself, but relatively in its place in the system of States and nations which makes up Europe.

But it is in history, probably, that this new point of view would produce the greatest change. For in history, perhaps more than in any other subject, we are content to dispense with a point of view altogether. Much as we differ as to whether history should be vivid and dramatic or scientific, we seldom ask ourselves what facts belong to history, and what facts, whether interesting or not, are in their nature not historical. The consequence is that we can scarcely predict what subjects we shall find discussed in any given history. The author seems equally prepared to admit anything which may strike him as interesting. Lord Stanhope introduces quite a long and labored discussion of the unities of the drama, not under the head of Shakespeare, or Otway, or Addison, but in the middle of a history of the eighteenth century, where, if such a subject is historical at all, yet certainly the period offers no justification for dealing with it. And Mr. Lecky devotes a great part of one of his large volumes to an inquiry into the causes of the French Revolution, though the French Revolution certainly does not belong to English history, and his subject professes to be the history of England in the eighteenth century. In this instance it is rather the length and elaboration of the discussion that is open to criticism, since no one would question the immense historical importance of the subject, nor deny that it belongs in a certain sense to the history of every European State alike. A slighter di-

gression into it would have been justifiable on the very principle maintained in this article. But if we suppose that history ought to be subject to a rigorous rule, which should admit some things and exclude others as not belonging, however interesting in themselves, to the subject, let us proceed to consider what change would be produced in the outline of English history if we resolutely rubbed off the insularity from England and resolved to consider it in its place among the States of Europe.

This would be, reverting to our former phrase, to put by the side of the national history of England its international history. Or it might be otherwise described as carrying a step further a process which was begun long since, the division of English history according to the aspects in which it may be considered. It is indeed a curious proof of helplessness to observe such rigid uniformity, as in general we do, in laying down the outline of history. In general we undertake to treat everything at once—internal affairs, legislation, foreign policy, interesting occurrences of whatever kind, literature and art, manners and customs, in fact, anything that we imagine can in any way be made amusing. Yet, practically, we have been obliged to limit this helpless miscellaneousness. Literary history has set up for itself; so, particularly in England, has constitutional, and so also has economic or industrial history. Ought not policy also to be made independent? Ought we not to have histories in which English foreign relations should be treated by themselves and for their own sake, and not buried in a mass of domestic matter? Partly, no doubt, it is because we have had a constitution that we have so many constitutional historians, and if other nations have treated their foreign relations with so much more thoroughness, if Droysen has written "*Preussische Politik*," and Albert Sorel has done a similar work for the most important period of French foreign relations, while it is difficult to point to any corresponding works in

English, this is partly, no doubt, because those Continental States have been so much more military than England. Yet we too, for good or for evil, have had our great wars, and these wars deserve to be considered, not only from the military point of view, but also in the policy which dictated them. Wellington and Nelson, Rodney, Clive, Wolfe, and Marlborough, ought to live in English minds, not merely in the glory of their victories, but also in the policy of the wars in which they took part, and in the results of those wars upon English development. And yet it is hard to meet with any Englishman who possesses a well-weighed opinion upon the policy of any of our great wars, or knows whether Wellington or Marlborough did more good or harm on the balance to the people whose armies they commanded. This is so because our policy has never been sufficiently separated from our general history, and our foreign relations, therefore, being lost in the general mass of English history, are not grasped in their continuity by the average Englishman. We ought to have a Stubbs and a Hallam for English foreign policy, who should set the history of English policy by the side of English constitutional history.

If in this way we should resolutely discard our insularity, we should begin to see our country no longer as self-contained and wrapped up in an eternal contemplation of Parliamentary affairs, no longer as looking but occasionally across the Channel to bestow a glance upon the affairs of France, but as a member of a system of States of which France is but one, as having, and as having long had, a close interest in the general development of Europe. Hitherto we have felt that at least Napoleon and Louis XIV., at least the ambitious struggles of France for ascendancy, were inseparable from English history, but this view brings into English history also the house of Austria with its long struggle with the house of Bourbon. It will not be merely at rare and short intervals that we shall have to pay attention to Con-

tinental affairs ; we shall have henceforth to follow their whole course — the Spanish monarchy, not merely at the time of the Armada and the War of the Spanish Succession, but before the Armada, at least as far back as the beginning of the Dutch rebellion and throughout the seventeenth century, and again through the eighteenth century, the age of the *pacte de famille* and of the European house of Bourbon, until we come to the nineteenth century and its Peninsular War — in short, at every time since the Spanish monarchy emerged from the universal dominion of Charles V. down to the present, we shall consider the Spanish monarchy and its history to be inseparable from the history of England. Austria, too, will occupy us not merely at rare intervals, as when she fights by our side against the French Revolution, or when Eugene takes the field along with Marlborough. We shall follow her whole development. The Thirty Years' War will seem to us inseparably connected with English history and, as it were, a chapter in our Stuart troubles. Nor will William III. appear the only link between our State and the Dutch Republic. His predecessors in the Stadtholderate, as far back as William the Silent, will appear to us as figures in English history, and we shall recognize the curious parallelism in the development of the two sea powers from the time when they stood forth to break the Spanish monopoly of maritime power and colonial possession. And the whole modern period of our history, so closely interwoven at every point with Continental history, will be seen to open with an event which is essentially European and international, the Reformation. This will appear to us no mere theological or ecclesiastical change, but a great moral and political disruption by which England became for the first time in any true sense an island. We shall mark the moment at which England at the same time ceased to have possessions on the Continent and also began to draw towards union with Scotland at the moment of a great transition. Then, that is, under Eliz-

abeth, we began to have a maritime frontier, and at the same time the modern Britain, a physical name, showed itself likely to supersede the ethnological unity called England. But in studying this disruption we shall not consider the Reformation only but also the counter-Reformation. We shall perceive in how great a degree the great religious struggle of the sixteenth century was decided to the advantage of the ancient Church, and we shall not, as so many Englishmen do, cease to take any interest in the religious history of the Continent after the time when the Continent attaches itself mainly to Rome. We shall grasp the full greatness of the movement called the counter-Reformation, and not till we have done so shall we fully understand how the French Huguenots, after obtaining their Edict of Toleration, could be deprived of it again with the general approbation of the French people after nearly a century, and how Charles II. and James II. could still hope to restore the Roman Church in England after the Reformation had been triumphant here for the best part of a century.

Such a history of British or British policy, the policy of the modern great power which, resting on the basis of the three kingdoms, covers the world, will divide itself naturally into periods. If we look back to the beginning of that nineteenth century which for this power has been on the whole so peaceful, we discern a long period of war covering all the eighteenth century and the first fifteen years of the nineteenth. It is the period of the wars, waged principally with the house of Bourbon, in which the insular State of Europe attached to itself a great trade empire covering the globe. It falls roughly into two parts, of which the first covers the wars in which that empire was founded, and the second those in which it underwent its fiery ordeal, being assailed first by the two Bourbon houses allied with our insurgent colonists, and then again by the French Revolution and Napoleon. In this period are included most of the

great deeds of our army and navy. Marlborough stands near the beginning and Wellington at the close of it. But beyond this period, if we look back to the policy of the seventeenth century, we find ourselves again in a period markedly different. It is the age of the Stuarts; England can scarcely be said as yet to have an empire; even the basis of that empire, the great insular union, has not yet been laid. England and Scotland are as yet united only in the royal house; Ireland has not yet emerged from the primitive phase of wars of religion and legislation founded upon religious discord. It is a period deeply interesting in constitutional history, but in international history or the history of policy, how shall we grasp it or how fix its limits? What position has Stuart England in the system of Europe? What alliances has it, and what are we to think of those Dutch wars which it occasionally wages, or of its transitory appearance as a military State in the time of the Protector? It is at least a period when the policy of the modern great power, the world-State founded on the three kingdoms, is but in embryo.

In this embryonic period we may see that three persons stand forth presiding over our policy and linking England to the Continent. These international persons are William III., before him Oliver Cromwell, and before him again Queen Elizabeth. They represent the tentatives through which we gradually arrived at the policy which suited us. Yet they have all alike been less considered in this aspect than in the aspect they wear towards our domestic politics. William attracts us as the author of the Revolution of 1688 much more than as the great master of European politics who gave us once for all the international position we were to hold in the eighteenth century. Oliver, too, attracts us as the Protector, the successful revolutionist, much more than as the great experimentalist in foreign policy who made us a military State and plunged us into war with the Spanish monarchy. Elizabeth, perhaps, strikes us as the founder of Anglican-

ism and settler of the religious question, or as that and at the same time the successful resister of the Armada, rather than as the founder of our modern naval power and our influence on the ocean and in the New World.

It is impossible to understand these three great persons while we contemplate England alone. In their careers England is closely interwoven with the Continent. Elizabeth must be considered not only in conjunction with Philip II. and the rebels of the Low Countries, but also in conjunction with the religious wars of France, and with that final civil war of France through which the house of Bourbon established its throne. To understand Elizabeth it is necessary also to understand Henry IV. Nor can we form a just conception of our great Rebellion and of the singular military government which arose out of it unless we study, in conjunction with it, the transformation of France under Richelieu and Mazarin, which corresponded in time with the transformation of England. Nor, lastly, can we understand the Revolution of 1688 unless we look at it from the point of view of Louis XIV. as well as from that of James II. It is indeed the peculiarity of this particular English revolution that it is, as it were, a revolution in England inside a revolution in Europe; that the same events and the same man who overthrew James II. overthrew also the ascendancy of Louis XIV., and that the European war by which that ascendancy was first shaken was connected in the closest manner with the English Revolution, and was presided over by the English revolutionary king.

Macaulay bestowed much trouble and much appreciation upon William III.; yet so much in his mind does the purely English and the constitutional aspect of William's work preponderate over the European aspect that we look in vain to him for any comprehensive estimate of William's career. He relates how William overthrew James II., and he has described with thoroughness the parliamentary and party conflicts of his reign. But William,

more than most other rulers, was an international man. He did not merely overthrow James; he also took the leading share in overthrowing the ascendancy of Louis XIV. He cannot, therefore, be estimated without a full comprehension of that ascendancy—that is, without a comprehensive view of the mutual relations of the principal European States in his time. And such a view would lead the historian away from England, or require him to consider England, not by itself, but in its place in the system of Europe. Macaulay had not formed the habit of regarding our country so. He can indeed describe with spirit William's campaigns in the Low Countries, but he does not justify, as he might do, the admiration he demands for his hero by estimating adequately that part of his work which was done outside England. He gives us no conception of the prodigious extent of his total achievement, nor makes us feel how the same man who laid the foundation of the modern English constitution at the same time dominated the system of Europe much as Richelieu had done, and laid down the outlines of almost all the international history of the eighteenth century.

In like manner Oliver Cromwell has been studied much more thoroughly in his domestic career than in his European policy. His unparalleled rise to supreme power, and the moral questions that strange rise suggests, the question whether his religious professions were sincere, and his intentions in life upright, these we have found interesting, partly because they do not require us to travel beyond our insular frontiers. But we cannot estimate his foreign policy without understanding, besides English affairs, the position and policy of Mazarin, and Carl Gustav of Sweden, and Philip IV. of Spain. To estimate it rightly we must understand the war of France and Spain, which dragged on from the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of the Pyrenees. Now this chapter of Continental history scarcely comes within that part of Continental history which we think it necessary to master. And yet it is just

in those years that England was closely linked with the Continent through the strange, adventurous, and original policy of the Lord Protector. It was not for nothing that he made England a military State. He intended the navy and the army, upon which his supreme power rested, to execute far-reaching plans which he had conceived. He had a passionate anti-Spanish feeling, and he had a great Panevangelical idea, such as might naturally have grown up in a mind which united so strangely religious exaltation with comprehensive statesmanship. He pushed these schemes far enough to leave an indelible mark on English history; but if, instead of dying at sixty, he had reached the three-score years and ten, still more if he had anticipated the aged premiers who recently have been seen ruling England at four-score years, we can see how far British policy might have been deflected from the line it has actually pursued. This is to suppose that the military state had struck root and had endured ten or twenty years longer in England than it actually did. In that time, it is easy to see, the anti-Spanish passion might have carried us far and the Panevangelical idea might have borne strange fruit.

If we look back further than Oliver Cromwell, and consider the Great Rebellion itself and all that led to it from the European rather than the merely insular point of view, we shall bring Richelieuism and the Thirty Years' War into connection with our domestic troubles. That is, instead of merely remarking how monarchy for a time was suppressed in England, we shall remark how at the same time the principle of monarchy won one of its greatest victories in France, how a more commanding and imposing form of monarchy than had been seen before grew up by the accession of Louis XIV. following the victory of the system of Richelieu, at the moment when the Stuart monarchy began to fall in England. The house of Austria, too, will be brought into connection with English history, first in its Austrian branch, while we follow the vicissi-

tudes of the Thirty Years' War. Travelling further back still, we come to the great reign in which the foundations of modern England were laid. Under Elizabeth we see not only the religious question and the succession question settled for good, and the way paved to the personal union of England and Scotland, we see also the great struggle between our rising naval power and the other — the Spanish — branch of the house of Austria. Here, too, the domestic aspect has been much more thoroughly studied than the European aspect of our affairs. The transition which Europe was then making under the fresh influence of the counter-Reformation, the settlement for all coming centuries of the questions raised at the Reformation, the establishment of the great house of Bourbon in France during the same years which saw the house of Stuart prepare to take the place of the house of Tudor among ourselves; all these great changes, of which France was the scene, and in which England was so closely concerned, show us that in this reign England stands related not merely to the house of Spain and its rebels in the Low Countries, but also to France, then emerging from its wars of religion. But if we attempted to go back beyond this reign, we should find ourselves once more in a wholly different age. The policy of the seventeenth century may be considered to belong together with that of Elizabeth. We may distinguish a period of a century and a half between the accession of Elizabeth and the struggle against the ascendancy of Louis XIV., which followed the Revolution of 1688. But beyond Elizabeth, in policy as in domestic affairs, all is different. We find ourselves in another world — a world, indeed, to which all that has been said above is equally applicable, a world in which England may be regarded relatively to the Continental powers which influence it or may be isolated in an unnatural manner. But there is not room in this article to examine that other, that distant world. For us Elizabeth laid the foundation of that

great power which, upon the basis of three insular kingdoms, which were gradually united, has since built a trade empire covering the globe.

It is this great composite fabric which those ought to study who study the later centuries of English history. For them the question is how the insular kingdoms were united, and how the trade empire was added to the insular union. It is a question which cannot be handled at all so long as we isolate England and concentrate our thoughts upon Parliament, a question which requires us to consider England first and last relatively to several Continental powers which have influenced and received influence from England. It is a question of international history, a question wholly separate from that constitutional development, that long struggle for liberty, in which we are always disposed to find all the interest of English history — a question, in short, not of British liberties, but of British policy.

From Longman's Magazine.

CHAMOIS HUNTING ABOVE THE SNOW LINE.

AROUND the chamois and the chase thereof there has ever hung somewhat of mystery and romance. Of the animal itself and its habits less is known than of many antelopes in the wilds of Central Africa. Not a few people are sceptical of its very existence, believing that constant persecution brought about the extinction of the species in the Alps years ago. Only the other day a gentleman, hearing I had been out chamois hunting, asked me if the sport was a "really genuine thing," and not, as he evidently imagined, a mere pantomimic pretence. It seems strange, this ignorance concerning a creature who lives so close to our doors, and with whose haunts so many of us become familiar on our holiday ramblings. The literature on the subject is, moreover, of the scantiest, even in these days of the promiscuous making of books. In some of the older works

that I have come across it is treated in a somewhat high-flown, hyperbolic fashion, that would offend the taste, and make too large a demand on the credulity, of our more discriminating generation. Marvellous tales are told of the habits, the agility, and the wariness of the game. The chamois is represented as attaining to a fabulous age, notwithstanding certain strange suicidal propensities which are set forth with amusing gravity and an air of the most perfect substantiality.

As might be expected, however, it is with the chamois hunter himself, and the fearful perils which environ him, that these legendary fragments are principally concerned. The chase of the chamois, we are told, is "the most dangerous of all." The hunter is represented as being "familiar with places where an ordinary man would fear to venture—accustomed to have Death stalking beside him as a companion and to meet him face to face." He goes forth alone to confront the terrors of the mountains, for none can be found daring enough to accompany him. His very countenance betokens the gruesome nature of his occupation as the following description of the typical *Jäger* testifies. I take it from Mr. Charles Boner's work on "Chamois Hunting in Bavaria:" "Tall, gaunt, and bony; his brown and sinewy knees were bare, scratched, and scarred; his beard was black and long, his hair shaggy, and hunger was in his face. The whole man looked as if he had just escaped from the den of a wolf, where he had been starved and in daily expectation of being eaten. But it was his eyes—it was the wild, staring fixedness of his eyes—that kept mine gazing on him. The bent, eagle nose, the high, fleshless cheek-bones, added to their power. There was no fierceness in them, nor were they greedy eyes; but they were those of a man who had been snatched from a horrible death, in whom the recollection was not yet effaced, nor was ever likely to be. They were always wide open; the whole creature seemed vigilant, and

awaiting at any moment to have a wrestle with Fate. . . . Had he told me that, Prometheus-like, he had been chained to a glacier for a whole winter, amid the icy world of the mountain-top, exposed to the rain and the tempests of the dreary darkness, I could almost have believed his words, so in unison were his features and his whole appearance with such a tale."

Such a man is the traditional pursuer of the Alpine antelope, the *Gemsjäger* of transpontine melodrama, so to speak. On the other hand, lest the modern *chasseur* should feel unduly puffed up by these fantastic sketches of his brethren of the chase, we learn from another writer that the chamois hunter is "generally a rude, uncultivated being," whose society is even less attractive than his personal appearance. Only on one point do the older writers seem in perfect agreement, and that is that the *Jäger* is a very remarkable person, and that the sport itself abounds with excitement and adventure of the most thrilling kind.

I fear that the humble individual who is now addressing you, dear reader, can make no such claim upon your attention. He will be compelled to strip the sport of much of the glamour with which it is habitually invested. If not, as he trusts, "a rude, uncultivated being," neither is he the reckless desperado depicted in the extracts cited above. His favorite amusement is exciting beyond question, and not entirely free from danger, but it is certainly not of the blood-curdling character which other authors have attributed to it. Whence, then, this divergence in our impressions of the sport? The explanation cannot be found in the nature of the ground traversed, for chamois hunting in the high Alps is certainly a much more arduous and risky pursuit than in the lower mountains of the Tyrol or Bavaria, where my predecessors in the literature of the chase familiarized themselves with it. Perhaps it is that we live nowadays in a more prosaic—dare I say a more truthful?—age. We have lost our illusions, and that

terrible modern spirit of analysis has shattered our imaginative faculties, and compels us to be so horribly literal and veracious. The mountains, too, have been largely shorn of the mystery that formerly enshrouded them, and with the mystery has vanished much of the awe and reverence they used to inspire. It is Mr. Ruskin, if I mistake not, who reproaches us climbers with treating the Alps as so many greased poles. I do not for a moment admit the impeachment, as it is quite possible to appreciate the athletic together with the artistic aspects of mountaineering. Unquestionably, however, with the high development of this noble art of "greased poling," places that struck the earlier climbers as being desperately difficult our latter-day Alpinists regard as perfectly easy. These are some of the principal reasons for the undoubted fact that the mountains have now in great measure lost their terrors, though for those who truly love them their charm must forever remain undiminished. How much that charm is enhanced when there is added thereto the fascination of a deeply interesting sport like chamois hunting it will be my endeavor to show.

"Of all the various forms of stalking which I have tried, none, in my opinion, will bear comparison with the chase of the chamois." So says Mr. Edward North Buxton in his delightful book, "Short Stalks." This is high praise from so keen and true a sportsman, who has shot big game of many kinds, and in four continents, at intervals during the last twenty years. Nevertheless I do not think he can have hunted chamois under the most interesting conditions. At least I gather so much when he describes the sport as not being a very arduous one and comparatively free from mountaineering difficulties. If the older writers erred, as they undoubtedly did, in exaggerating the difficulties and dangers of the chase, Mr. Buxton, as I think, goes too far in the opposite direction by minimizing them unduly. He does our favorite pastime less than justice.

Undoubtedly the phases and methods of chamois hunting are very various. First, there is the *battue* system, when the guns are posted in well-known passages and the game driven up to them by beaters. This is, of course, devoid of danger, but scarcely more exciting than roe-deer shooting in Scotland. Secondly, they may be stalked in the lower mountains, such as those of the Bavarian highlands or parts of the Tyrol, and this, I take it, is the kind of sport Mr. Buxton is describing. Here you are within the limits of the trees, and the chamois are usually found in thickets of fir scrub or covert of some sort. Lastly, there is hunting on the slopes and outlying buttresses of the central Alpine ranges, where, amid the glory and sublimity of the eternal snows and glaciers, the amateur hunter will find plenty of hard work and, if he wishes it, abundant scope for whetting his appetite for adventure. At least that has been my experience when, coming straight from a month's climbing and rock gymnastics on the Chamonix aiguilles, I have finished up my season with a week's or ten days' hunting. I do not mean to say that one encounters difficulties such as those upon the Petit Dru or the Charmoz, to say nothing of those more desperate climbs which are now successfully undertaken by guideless parties, and which so needlessly scandalize mountaineers of the more old-fashioned and orthodox type. But rock-scrambling enough to satisfy ordinary tastes will be encountered, and — *pace* Mr. Buxton, who says that "one seldom has any ice work in chamois hunting" — plenty of glacier walking and an almost daily exercise of ice-craft, including therein the use of the axe. The mountains themselves may be easy enough, but the exigencies of the stalk will force you at times into troublesome places. It must also be remembered that you are encumbered with a rifle, that the excitement of the chase is apt to make you careless or over-venturesome, and that you are deprived of the moral and physical support of the rope. Speaking for myself, I must say that I

have felt more concerned for my personal safety on various occasions out hunting than I have ever been when engaged in regular mountaineering. I always avoid difficult places if I can, for the sport by no means depends on "greased-poling" for its charm; on the other hand, I think that amateurs should know beforehand that chamois hunting, in the high Alps at any rate, must of necessity entail a certain amount of risk.

But this exordium is becoming unduly prolonged. It is time I came to my subject. My chief difficulty is to know where to begin, which to select of the many delightful days' sport I have had in different parts of Switzerland, North Italy, and Savoy. Perhaps I cannot do better than make my way straight to my happy hunting-grounds on the southern slopes of the central Pennine Alps. My starting-point was, as usual, the Valtornanche, which, as all mountaineers know, runs up from the Aosta valley to the base of the mighty Matterhorn. Leaving Breuil early one morning, we—that is, myself and my faithful hunter and guide, Jean Baptiste Perruquet, of Crépin, near the village of Valtornanche—scrambled to the top of the Punta Fontanella in quest of chamois. Three were sighted on some precipices half a mile off, but nothing could be done with them; so, traversing the much-crevassed and (for chamois hunters) troublesome Col de la Bella Za (ten thousand feet), we descended into the picturesque Valpelline. At the head of this valley, amid a whole host of lofty, glacier-clad peaks, lie the chalets of Prérâyen, whose master, rich in innumerable flocks and herds, affords ready, if somewhat rough, hospitality to passing mountaineers. We spent the night under his roof, intending to make an early start next morning.

At 5 A.M. Perruquet and I sallied forth up one of the lateral valleys which trend in a southerly direction and at right angles to the Valpelline. Crossing a wooden bridge which spans the gorge carved out by the impetuosity of the torrent, we entered a charming

green glade in a forest of larches. These trees seem in the majority of the northern Italian valleys to have entirely dispossessed the ordinary Alpine fir. We passed their limits at an elevation of between seven and eight thousand feet, and commenced painfully toiling up a wilderness of loose stones and fallen boulders towards the Val Cornera Pass. I was not surprised to learn from Perruquet that among the guides and hunters of Valtornanche the Val Cornera has an evil reputation for being the most fatiguing and generally disagreeable pass in the district. Nor was the weather entirely propitious. There had lately been a sudden and almost unprecedented fall in the temperature. A bitter north wind nipped our ears and noses, and drove the particles of hoar frost from the rocks into our eyes, while light showers of hail and snow kept steadily falling. The mountains seemed almost sheeted in ice, and presented a wintry aspect such as I had never seen before so early in the season. The smaller waterfalls were all frozen, and huge icicles, twenty to thirty feet long, and pendent masses of congealed snow and water festooned the adjoining cliffs, and threatened in places to topple on our heads. Our route presented few climbing difficulties, but the *verglas* on the rocks and the steep slopes of frozen earth made it necessary to pay heed to one's going in order to avoid unpleasant croppers.

A doe and two kids were presently descried on a moraine, and others were not long in putting in an appearance. But they had already become aware of our presence, and, though not greatly alarmed, they all made off. We followed their tracks, and soon our labors were rewarded by the sight of a herd of about twenty chamois on a corner of the glacier, where they evidently felt themselves secure from molestation. They were congregated at the foot of a steep and impassable icefall, whose *séracs*, or pinnacles of ice, rose in picturesque confusion from the crevasses at their base. In the background the mountains towered to a height of over

eleven thousand feet in a series of lofty and inaccessible precipices. There being nothing else to do, we sat down and observed the animals for an hour or so, and truly I know few things more diverting than watching a herd of chamois at play on a glacier. The elderly bucks and does lay down, or else walked about with slow and dignified steps, while the kids hopped and skipped about and chased each other over the snow and generally performed the most absurd antics. Now one would stand on his hind legs and butt at the others like a goat, then he would run off and rush round and round in a circle like a thing possessed. Occasionally a mamma chamois would administer a friendly dig in the ribs to her over-active offspring, as much as to say, "You really must behave yourself, my dear;" whereat the kid would frisk and gambol more madly than ever. The general effect of the *Gemsenspiel* at that distance reminded one of a troupe of imperfectly educated fleas performing on a white linen sheet.

After a while, as afternoon came on, the lady leader of the herd (with chamois, as with red deer, it is always a female who acts as guide) seemed to think it was getting time for dinner, and, to our exceeding joy, commenced moving slowly in our direction. There was coarse grass growing on the ledges of rock here and there, and we had little doubt that they would make their way thither to feed. As soon as the last laggard of the band was hidden from our view by the cliffs which descended abruptly below us to the glacier, we stole cautiously forward to meet them. The rocks were rather steep and water-worn, and here and there I was glad of a helping hand. One or two impassable gullies had to be turned, and we were obliged to tread very gingerly in order to avoid making a noise by rolling down stones. I was not entirely successful in this latter respect, but fortunately chamois are less easily frightened by noises than are deer in Scotland. In the loftier Alpine regions their ears are continually being saluted by the thunder of the

mountain artillery, the din and clatter of avalanches and falling stones, and masses of ice crashing into the frozen gulfs below—to say nothing of the never-ceasing murmur of torrent and waterfall. Hence the kicking down of a stone or two is not a matter of much moment, except that it may serve to attract the chamois' attention to the hunter, especially towards the end of a stalk. It is fortunate that this is so; otherwise, owing to the difficulty of the ground, successful stalks above the snow line would be rare indeed.

Speaking generally, I am inclined to think that the chamois is not the preternaturally wary beast he is usually represented to be. Of his comparative indifference to noises, as long as they are not too loud, I have already spoken. Nor, in my opinion, is his eyesight anything remarkable. Judging from his failure to distinguish objects, such as a man's head or hand, as long as they are motionless, I should say that the organs of vision of chamois are scarcely more acute than those of human beings. On the other hand, their sense of smell is quite extraordinary; hence the wind is by far the worst enemy of the hunter. The shifting eddies and currents, blowing now this way, now that, now up hill, now down, multiply tenfold the chances in favor of the game. I have often asked friends of mine who have hunted in various countries as to the distance at which deer and other wild animals can scent a human being, and most of them seem to be agreed that they will wind you more than a mile off. I have certainly seen chamois over half a mile distant make off in alarm when they could not possibly have seen anything to disturb them. It is curious, too, how much more the hunter's odor seems to terrify them than the mere sight of him. In the latter case, unless you are quite close, they whistle and move off quietly, turning round every few hundred yards to look; while if they get your scent they will throw up their heads with an expression of utter disgust that is highly diverting, and, without hesitating a moment, gallop away at top speed.

The present stalk gave me an excellent opportunity of testing the chamois' power—or want of power—of vision. Peering over the edge of a rock, I saw the head of a buck who was staring intently at me about ninety yards off. I could only see his head and shoulders, while half of my face and the whole of a broad-brimmed felt hat were exposed to his view. It surprised me greatly that he did not bolt immediately; but he was evidently, like most of his species, of an inquisitive turn of mind, and wanted to make out what the unknown object was. We were near enough for me to distinguish his bold, characteristic features—the erect head with its curved horns and slender, pointed ears, and the yellow jowl with the longitudinal black stripe. Meanwhile I remained perfectly still, not daring so much as to wink, and, strangely enough, he seemed quite unable to make me out. In this way we stared fixedly at each other for about two minutes, until, his curiosity being apparently satisfied, he lowered his head and began grazing tranquilly. I promptly bobbed out of sight, and, placing my rifle in position, waited for him to emerge from his hiding-place. But, our attention being thus riveted by the chamois in front, we did not notice the remainder of the band, who, unobserved by either of us, had mounted the rocks below us on our right. Generally the chamois heralds his approach by kicking down showers of stones. On the present occasion their footfall was light and noiseless as a cat's, and the "lady guide" at once sighted us and gave the alarm. Immediately there was a general *sauve qui peut*. Scattering in all directions, they scampered off, leaping up high rocks and clearing wide chasms in the extremity of their terror. I hastily cocked my rifle and rushed forward to a stone where I could get a good sight of them, but their numbers and the suddenness of their approach had flustered me a bit, and the result was that I fired four shots in rapid succession, and—missed them all!

Perruquet spoke never a word, but

looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, his feelings being evidently too deep for speech. The faces of my men were always a study after an unsuccessful stalk. To them a miss meant the blighting of fair hopes of a good square meal such as they seldom enjoyed, the dissipating of bright visions of savory meat such as their souls truly loved. Our fare at Prérayeren was of the poorest, and, as we chiefly depended on our rifles for animal food, any game was a welcome addition to our larder. The knowledge that no chamois meant no meat for dinner undoubtedly gave a keener zest to the sport, but it also aggravated the mortification of failure.

With heavy hearts and lagging footsteps we began our tramp up the loose, shale slopes of the Val Cornera. If we had killed a chamois we should have thought nothing of the climb. Perruquet would have waltzed off with the carcass, whilst I should have shouldered the *rucksack*, telescope, and rifle; and fatigue, difficulties, and dangers, had there been any such, would have vanished into thin air. All this shows, to my mind, that fatigue is very much more largely a mental affair than most people imagine. As long as you are pleased with yourself you never feel tired, while if you are depressed or frightened, or in other ways down on your luck, your legs refuse to perform their functions properly. So now the want of success made our two hours' trudge up to the col seem an unutterable grind, and I was truly glad when we finally set our feet on the summit.

The pass, which has an elevation of ten thousand four hundred feet, is little frequented, although it forms the usual route between Valtoranche and the Valpelline. There were no chamois on the eastern side, so, as evening was coming on, we glissaded down the snow towards our quarters for the night. These were to be in a hay chalet on the immense alp, or upland pasture, of Chignana, which lay spread out like a green carpet far down in the valley—a broad plateau of rich, verdant meadow-land over seven thousand feet

above the sea, and walled in on three sides by high and rugged mountains. It is the finest and largest mountain pasture I know anywhere, being capable of supporting over three hundred head of cattle. As we descended the cows were being driven home, and the musical tinklings of their bells, blended with the songs of the goatherds, broke pleasantly enough upon the evening air.

A lady friend of Perruquet's gave us rustic hospitality in her chalet, and at nine o'clock I curled myself up in the hay. It was little sleep that I got, however, and next day we were off betimes before dawn. It was a splendid, though exceedingly cold, morning. There was no moon, but the stars glittered like fireflies in the sapphire heavens, and Perruquet complained in an injured tone that the constellations of the Milky Way were *trop serrées*, as he opined, for continued fine weather. Presently, however, their ineffectual fires paled, and the firmament lost its hue of steely blue, as a few faint arrows of saffron light shot over the summit of the Grand Tournalin. Night, or a misty twilight, still filled the lower depths of the valley, until the few fleecy fragments of cloud that flecked the sky became tinged with faint flushes of orange and rose, and day gradually asserted its supremacy over peak and glacier and lowland wood and meadow. The black crags of the Matterhorn and the Breithorn's dazzling summit of snow caught the first rays of slanting sunlight, and soon the whole mountain world became bathed in their radiance. They are glorious phenomena, these Alpine sunrises, though for climbers custom somewhat stales their magnificence, and familiarity breeds, if not contempt, at any rate something akin to indifference. They are too much associated with early and scrappy breakfasts, hastily swallowed by the dim flicker of an expiring tallow dip, and sleepy sorties in the murky gleams shed from patent collapsible lanterns. Personally I prefer a good sunset any day. It is more beautiful to begin with, and one is

usually in a far better mood to enjoy it. In the early morning one's mind is too much occupied by the serious business of the day to be very susceptible to the charms of scenery.

We were making our way towards a nameless col which crosses the range to the south of the Val Cornera. Soon after leaving the alp, Perruquet, desirous of demonstrating to me that chamois hunting was not all beer and skittles, but had its tragic side as well, pointed out the place where in the early summer they had found the body of a Valtornanche *chasseur*. He was lying quite dead with his rifle beside him, at the foot of a high rock. Accidents will happen, even in the simplest places, though it puzzled me to think how any one not meaning to commit suicide could have managed to fall at this particular spot. On the glacier of Chignana we halted near the foot of the Aiguille de Tzan, a queer-shaped pinnacle of rock, over eleven thousand feet high, which forms the southernmost buttress of the Valtornanche chain. Here it was arranged that we should separate. Perruquet said he would cross the col to the left of the Aiguille and make the tour of the mountain, while I was to make my way over a higher pass to the right, and descend the glacier on the other side to a band of rocks where the chamois had a favorite passage. Having thus agreed on our plan of campaign, we parted. My climb was rather an arduous one. The glacier was covered with snow in its higher parts and a good deal seamed with crevasses, one of which in particular gave me a lot of trouble. It was very deep, and too wide to jump in most parts, and the rotten snow-bridge that masked it would not support my weight. However, after poking about with my axe for some time, I found a fairly narrow place and landed safely on the edge of the upper lip of the chasm. I fear I was violating all accepted canons of mountaineering in thus wandering alone with a rifle on my back over a snow-covered glacier, but this is sometimes inevitable in chamois hunting. Towards the col the slope

grew steeper and I had to begin step-cutting, which was an inexpressibly tedious job. The ice was covered with six or eight inches of loose, powdery, drifted snow, which, as it would not hold, had to be cleared away first; and the rifle slung over my shoulder hampered me horribly. It was necessary also to keep one's weather eye open for stones, which fell occasionally from the rocks on my right. Altogether it was the toughest half-hour's work I ever had in my life; and, on reaching the top, I fairly groaned, and had to sit down for a few minutes to recover my wind. But the worst was over, at any rate for the present. Turning the end of a most magnificent *schrund*, or crevasse, that yawned formidably wide on my left, its beautiful blue walls of ice forming long, winding grottoes of unimaginable depth, I glissaded down some snow and reached the rocks indicated by Perruquet. Glissading, always delightful, is additionally fascinating when you have a loaded rifle on your back and you are not quite sure that there is not a crevasse lurking at the bottom of your slope.

The snow was plentifully marked with chamois tracks, so I lost no time in ambushing myself behind a rock projecting over the cliff, which gave me a good view across the glacier. I could not see Perruquet, but presently there appeared below me a herd of five chamois, whose breakfast he had interrupted on some rocks at the foot of the Aiguille de Tzan, and expectation ran high within me. As bad luck would have it, however, they turned up the wrong couloir and a long way out of shot, and when my hunter returned an hour later and told me he had not seen any others I began to think our chances of sport were looking rather blue, and that we should return as usual, empty-handed, to Prérayen. Proceeding on our way, we saw a kid wandering about the mountains, apparently in search of its lost relations, and spent a most agreeable hour over luncheon and a pipe on a small island of rock in the middle of the glacier. From there we cut steps down a short frozen snow-

slope and reached a col leading into the commune, or parish, of Torgnon, whose pastures of curiously varying shades of green, dotted about with fir-trees like a toy landscape, I had often looked down upon from our hunting-grounds. Here Perruquet, who was leading, suddenly crouched down, and made signs to me to do likewise. In front of us, about two hundred yards off, enjoying their noontide siesta on the snow, were six chamois. They were evidently not easy in their minds, for the wind, with its usual "contrariness," was giving them our odor. Suddenly they all sprang up, and, tossing their noses in the air as though they had smelt something inexpressibly nasty, made tracks for the mountaintops at right angles to our line of march. They were a longish way off, but I was well placed behind a rock that afforded a rest for my rifle, and to my huge delight I saw one fall at the first discharge. The second shot appeared to be without effect, and the chamois vanished from my sight in a small watercourse, reappearing three or four hundred yards off. I noticed there were but three, instead of five, as I expected. As they paused for a moment to regain their footing after two prodigious leaps up the rocks, I put up my longest sight and let fly at the leader. Dozens of times have I fired such shots at long ranges, but never before with effect. This time the result was an atrocious fluke, whereof the recollection even now makes me sad. The animal I aimed at pursued his way rejoicing and unhurt, but the one immediately behind him, a juvenile of very moderate proportions, tumbled off his perch and rolled head over heels down the mountain with a bullet through his neck. As I went to pick him up I heard loud shouts from Perruquet, who had gone to gather my first victim and had found two other corpses a few yards off. Whether they had fallen at the first or second shot we could never make out, but the bullet had evidently passed through the neck of one into the body of another. Chamois do not appreciate the advan-

tages of open-order formation under fire. They have a foolish way of huddling together when alarmed, which makes it difficult sometimes to avoid killing two at a shot, especially when you are firing *à la course*. I was truly grieved to have wrought such wholesale and, I fear, somewhat unsportsmanlike slaughter, as chamois are not numerous, and I seldom care to kill more than two out of any one herd, however large; but the fiendish glee of Perruquet knew no bounds. My qualms of conscience he laughed to scorn, for to the native *chasseur* a chamois is a chamois, without distinction of age or sex. With one exception my quarry were all two-year-old bucks, and therefore, alas! not quite fully grown. I made some excuses for myself on the score of their having taken to their heels before we had an opportunity of examining them with the glass. Moreover, the excellence of their steaks and the delicious *ragoûts* we afterwards enjoyed at the chalet quite reconciled me to their immature age; and with the prospect of such savory fare before me I felt I could out-Herod Herod in any future massacre of innocents.

We were a long way from Prérayen, and I did not much relish the prospect of bringing home the slain. However, the task proved less formidable than I had anticipated, though it took us no less than six hours to accomplish. Fortunately Perruquet possesses the thews of Anakim, and makes light of such trifling burdens as two or three chamois, especially when they are the guerdon of a well-managed stalk. Accordingly he tackled the three biggest, while I shouldered the infant victim of the long-range shot, the rifle, and the sack containing our provisions and cooking utensils; and with this very miscellaneous assortment of baggage on our backs we commenced our trudge homewards over the glacier. I have never tried it, but I should imagine that jumping over crevasses with three chamois on your back can be neither a safe nor agreeable operation. How-

ever, in the exuberance of his spirits my worthy weight-carrying hunter cleared two or three moderately wide ones in excellent style, while I, less active and more cautious, divested myself of my impedimenta and threw them across before venturing to jump. Near the edge of one of these fissures we saw something brown sticking out of the snow. On examination it proved to be the leg of a large buck chamois, the remainder of the carcass being firmly embedded in the ice. Probably some hunter had wounded it, and the poor beast had wandered over the glacier and, unable to leap across the crevasse, had lain down and died. After hacking away vigorously with my axe I managed to extricate one of his horns, which I kept as a memento of the day's sport. Our not un pardonable elation lightened our loads and gave strength to our limbs, so that in less than three hours we were clear of the ice, and by nightfall we had deposited our burdens in the kitchen at Prérayen. There was another party of *chasseurs* at the chalet when we arrived, but they had had an unsuccessful day. They congratulated us with much cordiality on our luck, and magnanimously forbore from making any disparaging remarks on our rather under-sized victims.

So ended two days' most enjoyable and interesting sport. I should have preferred it if our bag had been two chamois instead of four; but chance, which for once favored us unduly, willed it otherwise. In any case we had had to work for our game. From the chalets of Chignana we had been over fourteen hours pretty continuously on the tramp, and of these fully nine had been spent on the glacier. This should, I think, be sufficient to show that ice-work and chamois hunting are not necessarily incompatible, and, although of serious rock-climbing there had been practically *nil*, the incidents of the trip may serve to illustrate the varied character and interest of sport above the snow line.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

From The National Review.

GOGOL, THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN REALISM.

CURIOSLY enough in the very country where realism in fiction has most assumed the proportions of a cult, its high-priests, with the exception of Balzac, have shown no great capacity for an impartial observation of life. Even Balzac, with his magnificent pretensions to completeness, saw life through a glass that was somewhat darkened. Of Stendhal, who is reckoned as the joint founder of the school, even his ardent admirer, M. Zola, says that his greatness consists in his having introduced the note of realism into seven or eight scenes. Flaubert, it is true, wrote a great realistic novel, but his realism was rather in his artistic method than in his view of life, and the romanticism which was always in his heart betrayed itself by a passion for the abnormal. Guy de Maupassant, Flaubert's spiritual descendant, was a great artist, a consummate writer of short tales, but as an observer of life he was about as impartial as an umpire who could see only one wicket and gave every appeal against the batsman on principle. Of M. Zola's claims to be a realist it is unnecessary to speak; the world is rapidly finding out that his powers are quite other than he himself supposes. He has imagination, he has epic breadth and lyrical inspiration, he can stir our passions and move our feelings; but his knowledge of human nature is meagre and fragmentary, his passion for the abnormal almost grotesque, and his method, admirable when he is dealing with broad effects, in its treatment of details has all the unfaithfulness of a photographic camera. After all, in spite of the pæan with which twenty years ago this writer celebrated the coming triumph of naturalism as the art of the future, his countrymen have singularly falsified his predictions. Indeed the whole literary history of France would seem to show that the French care more for originality and artistic workmanship than for scientific truth. It is Pierre Loti who is received among the immor-

als. In fact, English novelists are, as a rule, as much superior to their French brethren in knowledge of life as they fall below them in artistic qualities. It is to Russia rather than to France that we must look for a true realistic school. Of Tolstoy beyond all novelists it may be said that his art is like life itself; no imaginative writer, except Shakespeare, has ever studied human nature under more varied aspects or with more steadfast impartiality than Turgéniev; and such bias as exists in his writings is due to the inherent melancholy of his temperament and not to any preconceived theories of life. But it is of Gogol, the founder of the school, that I wish now to speak,—of Gogol, whom Turgéniev called “the master of us all.”

Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol was born in the year 1809 at Sorochintsi, in the province of Poltava, in Little Russia. His father, who appears to have been a man of fair position and fortune, was fond of literature and an excellent *raconteur*. He was also given to private theatricals, and wrote several plays which were acted on the family stage. There was also a grandfather, who was a mine of stories, not only of warlike exploits, but of devils and witches and all the weird lore which played so prominent a part in the Little-Russian world. Nurtured on such fare as this, it was no wonder that the young Nikolai grew up to be a story-teller. At the age of twelve he was sent to school at a large gymnasium at Nyezlin, a town in the neighboring province of Chernigov. The ordinary studies of the place made little impression on him; he disliked mathematics, and had no taste for languages. But he read voraciously, started a manuscript journal, which he called the *Star*, and wrote entirely himself, and organized a theatre and a library for the students. As librarian he made the admirable rule, more needed in a Russian school even than in an English one, that no one might read a book without wrapping his fingers in paper.

His humor and love of fun made him a general favorite. In 1828 he gradu-

ated, and in the following year he went to St. Petersburg with all the hopes of an ambitious young man who first sets foot in the capital of his country. The usual period of disillusion followed, and it was only after a year's waiting that he obtained a humble clerkship in a government office, where he kept his chief's pens and papers in order and stored up some experiences which he afterwards reproduced in his stories. His literary efforts were equally unsuccessful. Romanticism was the order of the day; Pushkin, the leader of Russian literature, had some years before published his Byronic poem of "Onegin," and was now writing prose romance under the influence of Scott. So Gogol, an ardent admirer of Pushkin, produced works of an ultra-romantic type. A severe criticism of one of them opened his eyes, and led him to look for inspiration elsewhere than to his own unaided imagination. As many beginners have done before him, he found it in his native land. With the help of his own recollections of his father's and grandfather's stories, and of such printed legends as he could procure through his friends, he wrote several tales, the scene of which is laid in Little Russia, in the neighborhood of his own home. After appearing in the St. Petersburg journals, where they attracted considerable attention, they were collected under the title of "Evenings at a Farm near Dikanka," and published in two parts; the first in 1831 and the second in 1832. Each part contains four tales; the first, "The May Night," "St. John's Eve," "The Fair at Sorochintsi," and "The Missing Paper;" the second, "Christmas Eve," "A Terrible Revenge," "Ivan Feodorovitch Sponka and his Aunt," and "An Enchanted Spot."¹

¹ "St. John's Eve" has been translated into English by Isabel F. Haggood, in a volume bearing that name, which also contains "Old-fashioned Farmers," "How the Two Ivans Quarrelled," "The Portrait," and "The Clock," on the whole a good representative selection of Gogol's short tales. An English translation of "Christmas Eve" will be found in "Cossack Tales," by G. Tolstoy. Others of the "Dikanka" tales have been translated into German in four volumes of the Reclam collection, entitled "Fantasien und

At first sight the majority of these tales seem to be purely romantic in type, the supernatural element playing a large part in them. In "A Terrible Revenge," a Cossack story, it runs utterly riot. But in the others we find behind the naïve hocus-pocus of devils and witches a carefully drawn background of Little-Russian life; indeed the supernatural element itself is only an additional trait of national character. Very noticeable are the magnificent descriptions of scenery, true lyrical outbursts, which testify to the writer's passionate love for his native land. The most celebrated are that of the Dnieper in "A Terrible Revenge," that of the Ukraine night in "The May Night," and that of a hot summer's day at the beginning of "The Fair at Sorochintsi." One of the stories, "Ivan Feodorovitch Sponka and his Aunt,"² stands by itself. The supernatural element is entirely absent; it is a purely realistic picture of Russian country life, and though there is as little attempt at a plot as there is in its companions, the characters are drawn with great care and incision. Sponka is one of those negative, non-descript, unheroical heroes in whom Gogol delights, but the aunt is a notable woman, of marked energy and originality.

The publication of these stories brought their author into repute, and it was partly on the strength of them that he was appointed professor of mediæval history in the University of St. Petersburg. His first lecture was a great success; but, except on one other occasion, when Pushkin and another well-known man of letters were present, he was dry, tedious, and desultory. He never lectured for more than twenty minutes, and frequently did not appear at all. His class, says Turgéniev, who belonged to it, were persuaded of two things — one that he knew nothing, about history, and the other that he had no connection with the author of

Geschichten." Of "The Fair at Sorochintsi" I only know an Italian translation.

² Translated into German both in the Spemann and the Reclam collections.

the "Evenings at a Farm near Di-kanka." However, in less than a year he resigned, and devoted himself exclusively to literature. In the same year, 1835, he published his next work, called "Mirgorod," after a village in the government of Poltava. It is divided into two parts, each containing two tales, the first, "Taras Bulba" and "Proprietors of the Olden Time," and the second "Vyi" and "The Story of how Ivan Nikiforovich and Ivan Ivanovich Quarrelled." "Proprietors of the Olden Time" is a masterpiece of its kind. It is a simple sketch of an old couple—a sort of Philemon and Baucis—who live in a country house far from the world, with no ideas beyond eating and drinking and loving one another, and showing hospitality to chance guests.

"The Story of how Ivan Nikiforovich and Ivan Ivanovich Quarrelled" is almost as admirable a picture of town life as the other is of country life. It has more movement than its companions, and there is some attempt at a story. Ivan Ivanovich and Ivan Nikiforovich were dear friends, till one day Ivan Nikiforovich called Ivan Ivanovich a gander, and they went to law, but there were many delays, and the case was never decided. This is all the story; but it is admirably told. The tone is more comic than in the country idyll, the irony is more pronounced, and, though it is perfectly good-natured, it has a spice of malice which reminds one of La Fontaine. The comic effect is often heightened by the grave, matter-of-fact air with which the most absurd things are said.

Most effective, too, is the adoption of an intimate button-holing tone which, by means of skilful little touches, helps to create the illusion that the narrator is telling something that he actually saw. Finally, it should be noticed that as well as the story last mentioned, it concludes in a somewhat melancholy key, and that the more laughable story is at bottom the sadder of the two; for the years roll on and the two old friends are never reconciled. "Monotonous rain; a tearful

sky without one gleam of light! It is a dull world, gentlemen."

"Vyi" is a story of the supernatural, after the manner of the earlier volumes. The remaining story, "Taras Bulba,"¹ which was republished separately in a developed form, is Gogol's first attempt at something more ambitious than a short tale. The outcome of his grandfather's stories and of his own studies in Little-Russian history and folk-lore, it is a striking picture of the life of the Zaporozhian Cossacks in the sixteenth century. Readers of it have complained of its too-palpable imitations of Homer; but of Homer Gogol knew little or nothing, and the apparent Homeric reminiscences are due partly to the folk-songs which form the basis of much of his narrative, and partly to the naïve freshness of his genius, with its natural capacity for vivid and soul-stirring narrative. Truly has the book been called the Little-Russian epic. Though in many respects it differs widely in manner from the works of our own great epic novelist, it recalls him in the vigor and color of the descriptions and the rapid movement of the narrative. Taras Bulba himself is cast in a heroic mould. His manners are barbarous, even to ferocity, but by his love for his country, his devotion to his comrades, and his heroic death, he compels our sympathy and admiration. A romantic love-story serves like a thread of gold to relieve the deep hues of the main texture. But let readers taste and judge for themselves.

In the same year as "Mirgorod" was also published a volume called "Arabesques," containing, amongst other miscellaneous pieces, four stories of no great merit. "Nevski Prospect" opens with a masterly description of the street from which it takes its name. "The Portrait" is a fantastic tale, in the manner of Hoffmann, which promises well at the outset, but dies away to nothing. It is chiefly noticeable for the absence of the fun and kindly irony which had hitherto distinguished Go-

¹ Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood.

gol's humor. "The Memoirs of a Madman" has plenty of fun on the surface, but it is a gloomy tragedy at bottom, for it is the self diagnosis, in the shape of a diary, of the growing madness of a humble government clerk. There is something, no doubt, of personal recollection in the story, and, alas! something of prophecy. In the following year (1836) Gogol produced two short stories, "A Nose"¹ and "The Calash,"² both sharp satires in the guise of high comedy, the one of St. Petersburg, the other of provincial life. It is this vein of humor, this blending of laughter and irony, which appears fully developed in his well-known play, "The Inspector," which he completed and produced on the stage in the same year (1836). It is the one of his writings which is best known in this country, for it has been translated into French by Prosper Mérimée, and twice quite recently into English.³ The plot is extremely simple. A provincial town, in which the officials are steeped in corruption, is thrown into consternation by a report that an inspector (*revizor*) is on his way from St. Petersburg to make a searching investigation into their conduct. Then it is rumored that he is actually come, and is stopping at the hotel. At once the mayor hurries off to pay court to him. The supposed inspector, however, is a young government clerk, who is travelling in the province, and having lost all his money at cards, is waiting for fresh supplies from his father, and meanwhile being unable to pay his hotel bill is treated by the landlord with contumely. Under these circumstances the mayor's visit alarms him considerably; but when he finds that his explanations are misunderstood, and that even his frank avowal that he has not a sou only produces the offer of a loan, he accepts the situation, and plays the part of inspector *malgré lui* with infinite

zeal. He borrows money from everybody, flirts with the mayor's wife, and proposes for the hand of his daughter, while he exhibits astonishing feats in that art of gratuitous lying in which Russians are such adepts. The play ends with his hurried departure, and the arrival of the real *revizor*. The simplicity of the plot has provoked a smile from more than one countryman of Scribe and Sardou, but the plot is a mere peg on which to hang a scathing satire on the corruption of Russian official life. A rollicking farce on the surface, at the bottom it is bitter, serious truth. The Czar Nicholas is said to have sent for the author, after the first performance, to the royal box. "I have never laughed so much as I have done this evening," said the czar. "I confess, sire," replied Gogol, "that I had a different object in view." The play is still often given on the Russian stage, and the public still laughs, and the Augean stables of Russian official life remain uncleansed.

But though St. Petersburg, as it was bound to do, laughed with the czar, it was none the less angry. Gogol was discouraged. "Now I see," he wrote to a friend, "what it means to be a writer of comedy. The least spark of truth, and all are against you,—not one man, but all classes. Imagine what it would have been if I had described St. Petersburg life, which I know even better than provincial life." As he wrote to another friend, he was no longer the same man after the production of "The Inspector." The nervous malady and the hypochondriasis from which he afterwards suffered so cruelly had begun to torment him. He left Russia in 1836, and after travelling for some time over Europe settled in Rome. During this period he was occupied with the composition of his longest and most elaborate work. It was completed in 1840, and appeared in 1842 under the strange title of "Dead Souls," a title which needs some explanation. Before the emancipation of the serfs, real estate in Russia was valued and taxed according to the number of male serfs or "souls"

¹ Translated into German in both the Spemann and the Reclam collections.

² In Vizetelly's Russian novels.

³ "L'Inspecteur Général," in the same volume of Mérimée's works as "Les Deux Héritages;" by Hart-Davies, 1891, by A. A. Sykes, 1892 (best).

(*dushi*) that the owner possessed ; and, as a census was only taken at long intervals, he continued to be rated for the serfs who had died since the last census, and whose names still appeared on the schedule of his property. The hero of Gogol's novel conceived the brilliant idea of begging or buying a large number of these "dead souls" from the owners, and then on the security of the imaginary estate which they would represent borrowing a large sum of money from the State. This framework, Gogol tells us, had, like that of "The Inspector," been suggested to him by Pushkin, and as in the former case was merely a pretext for an elaborate description of Russian life and society. But the humor is more subtle, the range of observation wider, and the characters far more carefully drawn. The hero, Chichikov, a custom-house officer who had been dismissed for embezzlement, is described chiefly in negative terms. He was neither stout nor thin, old or young ; he had the manners of a man of the world, he was rude only to his inferiors ; to those from whom he had anything to gain he was exquisitely polite. At whist he never said "You played such-and-such a card," but, "You were good enough to play such-and-such a card," and "I have the honor to take your seven," and so forth.

The various proprietors whom Chichikov visits in the course of his strange quest are drawn with masterly skill.

Manilov belonged to that class of people which do not belong to any class, which are neither fish nor fowl. . . . Everybody has a hobby of some sort, but Manilov had none. . . . Though he and his wife had been married eight years, they often came to one another with a little bit of apple or a bonbon, and said in the tenderest accents, "Open your little mouth, my pet, and let me pop this morsel in."

The widow Korobochka, we are told, was one of those little gentlewomen who are always complaining of the failure of the crops and of hard times and yet all the while are filling their

chests with money. When she wishes Chichikov good-night she says, "Perhaps you are used to having some one to scratch the soles of your feet ; my dear husband could never go to sleep without it." Nosedrev's weaknesses were less amiable. He had a passion for play and invariably cheated ; but though he was often found out and thrashed, the men whom he had cheated played with him again. This, Gogol tells us, is peculiar to Russia. He was also a tremendous liar, lying for pure pleasure, was much addicted to practical jokes, and was always wanting to swop something.

The last visit is to Plushkin, the miser, perhaps the best drawn character in the book. He had not always been a wretched old miser ; when his wife and children were alive he was only what is known as a careful manager. His gratitude to Chichikov for relieving him of his dead souls is so great that he determines to give him a clock which won't go. But on second thoughts he will leave it him in his will instead. Besides the various proprietors there are several other characters which are drawn with equal care, notably Petrouchka, Chichikov's valet, and Selifan, his coachman, a delightful person who is always talking to his horses. Even the horses have their distinctive characteristics.

It is said that Pushkin, at a private reading by Gogol of part of his work, involuntarily exclaimed, "My God ! what a sad country Russia is !" That is the impression which every one must feel after reading the book. And that the picture is on the whole a true one Gogol's countrymen themselves admit. "He revealed us to ourselves," they say. But, true or not, it was received at the time with a storm of disapprobation ; the plain speaking was as little relished as it had been in "The Inspector." Gogol in vain implored his critics to wait for the continuation ; for the "poem," as he called it, was to have three parts. But this intention was only partially fulfilled. Though he lived ten years longer, the best part of his life was over. He became more

and more despondent; he practised asceticism and was subject to religious melancholy; at times his mind altogether lost its balance. About the year 1846 he left Rome and returned to Russia; in 1848 he visited Jerusalem. The last years of his life were spent at Moscow, where he died of typhoid fever on February 21, 1852. Turgéniev in his "Reminiscences" gives an interesting account of his appearance a few months before his death.

His fair hair, which, Cossack fashion, he wore combed smooth over the temples, would have given him a youthful appearance, had it not become so thin; his white and high forehead still showed intelligence. His small brown eyes gleamed sometimes with mirth, not with mockery; generally, however, they expressed weariness. The long, sharp nose gave his features a cunning, fox-like appearance, and the full, open lips under the clipped beard made an unfavorable impression; at least it seemed to me as if the shapeless mouth pointed to the dark side of his character. When he spoke, his ugly teeth showed themselves unpleasantly; his small chin stuck out over his velvet stock. His bearing and demeanor were not those of a professor, but reminded one rather of a teacher in a provincial school.

During his later years he wrote a second part for "Dead Souls," but in a fit of frenzy he burned the manuscript. A copy, however, escaped the flames, and it was published after his death. There are many gaps in the narrative, and there is no conclusion. It is but a pale reflection of the first part. The characters, indeed, are far less uniformly sombre; if they have their follies, they have also their virtues; but with the exception of two or three there is little humor about them, and some are quite vague and shadowy. The descriptions, too, are spun out, and much of the book reads rather like a record of travel than a novel. It may be interesting to a student of Russian life, but as a work of art it is a melancholy witness to the decay of Gogol's powers.

"What a marvellous talent we Russians have for ending thus!" says Turgéniev in one of his saddest stories.

Pushkin and Lermontov killed in duels at the ages of thirty-eight and twenty-six, Gogol's genius paralyzed when he was little over thirty! One may say, indeed, "What a sad country Russia is!" But the rapid development of Gogol's genius is no less remarkable than its decay. The man who had begun his literary career in glowing romanticism became, within half-a-dozen years, a thorough-going realist; another half-dozen years and he was an exaggerated realist. The two most characteristic features of his realism are well brought out in two passages from his own letters, which are cited by M. Melchior de Vogüé. In one he writes that Pushkin said of him that no one had such a faculty as he had of throwing up into relief the trivial aspects of life, of describing all the platitudes of an ordinary man, of bringing before the eyes of the world the infinitely little who are hidden from sight. In another he writes to a friend begging him to send him notes of every daily incident bearing upon human nature that he comes across. Regard for humble or commonplace people, regard for apparently insignificant details—these are two of the leading features which the Russian realistic school has inherited from Gogol. The first feature is especially conspicuous in his story of "The Cloak."¹ It is the story of a poor St. Petersburg official, "short of stature, somewhat pock-marked, rather red-haired, rather blind, with a small bald spot on his forehead, wrinkles on his cheeks, and a complexion of the sort called sanguine."

The young officials laughed at him and made fun of him so far as their official art permitted; they told in his presence various stories which they had concocted about him, and about his landlady, an old woman of seventy; they said that she beat him; asked when the wedding was to be; and strewed bits of paper on his head, calling them snow. But Akaki Akakievitch answered not a word, as though there was nobody there. It even had no effect upon his work; amid all these molestations he never made a single mistake. But if the

¹ Translated by I. F. Hapgood.

joking became intolerable, as when they jogged his hand, and prevented his attending to his work, he would exclaim, "Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?" And there was something strange in the words and the voice in which they were uttered. There was something which excited pity.

He spent his days in copying. Once a superior, thinking to do him a kindness, gave him something more important than mere copying—a report to draw up, which involved changing a few words from the first person to the third. But this frightened him so that he begged to be allowed to return to his copying.

Something was always sticking to his clothes—a piece of hay or some trifle. Moreover, he had a peculiar knack, as he walked in the street, of passing under a window when all sorts of rubbish was being thrown out of it, so that he always carried about on his hat melon-rinds and other such stuff. . . . On arriving at home he sat down at once to table, supped his cabbage-soup quickly, and ate a bit of tripe with onions, never noticing the taste, eating it all with flies and anything else which the Lord sent at the moment.

Such is the unpromising individual in whose favor Gogol contrives to enlist our sympathies and interest. His only ambition is to buy a new cloak, not from any notions of vanity, but simply to replace his old one, which had been patched and repatched till it was on the point of falling to pieces. But how he saved and scraped, and how at last the new cloak came home from the tailor, and how one of his fellow-clerks gave an evening party in its honor, and how he went to the party and what happened to the cloak, readers must find out for themselves. "We all started from Gogol's story of 'The Cloak,'" said a Russian novelist to M. de Vogüé. It is very true. That note of sublime pity is to be found alike in Turgéniev, and Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy, in "The Living Mummy," in "Poor People," in "The Power of Darkness."

The second feature, the careful observance of details, which at first sight appear trivial and insignificant, has

been somewhat misunderstood both by imitators and critics. The thumb of the tailor in "The Cloak," which had "a deformed nail, thick and strong as a turtle's shell," has raised a contemptuous smile. But it should be noticed first that what Gogol asks his friend to send him are notes, not of every kind of detail, but of "incidents bearing upon human nature," and secondly, that he only uses for the purpose of his art those incidents and details that are really characteristic. This talent for physiognomy he no doubt owed in a great measure to his father, who, in order to make him a good actor, used to make him observe peculiarities of face or gait or action in the persons he met, and then try to reproduce them. He often uses it with delightfully comic effect, as in the description of the two Ivans. "Ivan Ivanovitch has large, expressive eyes, of the color of snuff, and a mouth shaped something like the letter V; Ivan Nikiforovitch has small, yellowish eyes, quite concealed between heavy brows and fat cheeks; and his nose is the shape of a ripe plum." The same faculty was possessed by Turgéniev; we have seen an instance of it in his sketch of Gogol. Another characteristic, not only of Gogol's, but more or less of the whole Russian school, is consciously affected by some would-be realists, as if it were an essential quality of realism. I mean the absence of a plot, or at best the barest pretence of a story as a framework upon which to construct studies of human character and society. Mr. Howells, for instance, has spoken with fine scorn of a regard for plots. But he forgets that it is not the absence of plot which makes a story realistic, but the realism of a story, or rather the realistic handling of human character, which makes the absence of plot endurable. Further, let him notice that Gogol's execution is always lively, pregnant, and artistic. There is no plot in "Vanity Fair," but let some one write a novel after the manner of that famous work without Thackeray's touch and Thackeray's style, and the result will not be difficult to prophesy.

Another conspicuous feature which Gogol has in common with his successors is his passionate love for his country. It is this very love which makes him so keenly alive to her faults. Like the Athenians and the French, the Russian writers combine with intense patriotism great frankness in their observations on national shortcomings. In Gogol this love of his country often, as I have already remarked, takes the form of magnificent descriptions of natural scenery, and an account of him would be incomplete without a specimen. I choose the famous description of the steppes in "Taras Bulba."

The steppe grew more and more beautiful. The whole south, all the region which includes the new Russia of the present day as far as the Black Sea, was a virgin desert of green. Never had the plough passed through the boundless waves of vegetation. Only a few horses, concealed in it as in a forest, trod it under their hoofs. Nothing in nature could be finer. All the surface of the earth was like a green, golden ocean, from which emerged millions of varied flowers. Amidst the delicate tall stalks of the grass gleamed azure, purple, violet corn-flowers; the yellow broom lifted on high its pyramidal tower; the white clover, with its umbrella-like bonnets, mottled the plain; a wheatstalk, brought from God knows where, was waxing full of seed. Under their slender roots the partridges were running about, thrusting out their necks. The air was full of a thousand different bird-notes. In the sky hung, motionless, a cloud of hawks, stretching wide their wings, and fixing their eyes silently on the grass. The cry of the wild geese moving in clouds was heard from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose with measured strokes the prairie gull, and luxuriously bathed herself in the blue waves of the air. Now she was lost in immensity, and was visible only as a lone black speck. Now she swept back on broad wings, and gleamed in the sun. The deuce take you, steppes, how beautiful you are!

Gogol was essentially a humorist; that is to say, he viewed the topsy-turvydom of life rather with sympathetic laughter than with savage indignation or scientific neutrality. But

the quality of his humor underwent a considerable change during the ten years which separated "Dead Souls" from the "Evenings at the Farm near Dikanka." He began as an observer of the human comedy; he ended as a lasher of national vices. His earliest mood resembles the gentle malice of Jane Austen, his latest has the bitterness, though not the savageness, of Swift. Truly he said that after "The Inspector" he was no longer the same man. His self-imposed task of stemming the tide of national corruption proved, as well it might have done, too much for his strength. He had not that inexhaustible reserve of good humor, which enabled Molière, when he found the world crying out on him, to turn the laughter against himself and produce his masterpiece. He became himself not a misanthrope, for his pity for human nature saved him from that, but a melancholy recluse. And it is noteworthy that the more serious and bitter his criticisms of life became the more he laughed outwardly. "The Inspector" is on the surface a roaring farce; in "Dead Souls," if the laughter is not so loud, it is, so to speak, more out of place. Even Molière grows serious in the presence of a Taruffe or a Don Juan, but Gogol in "Dead Souls" laughs at fools and villains alike, so that Merimée has well observed that his weapon is at once too sharp for the one class and too blunt for the other.

It is, in fact, often a forced laughter. "Amidst laughter which is visible to the world I drop invisible tears," says Gogol, in words which are inscribed on his statue at Nyezshin; but in "Dead Souls" the tears are sometimes visible behind the laughter.

And if the laughter is somewhat forced the realism is also forced; it has become conscious and militant. Gogol contrasts in one place the happy lot of the idealist with the hard, ungrateful task of the realist, whose business it is to make a picture out of the sordid and contemptible elements of life. But realism does not consist in seeing only shadows. "Dead Souls" may be a

true picture in the sense that it represents actual facts, but it cannot be a complete one. Even in Russia, under the Czar Nicholas, there must have been some public honesty, some domestic unselfishness. Thus, from the point of view of truth, and still more from that of art, the picture wants lights. Gogol, in short, has ceased to "see life steadily and see it whole." But, in spite of some elements of weakness, he is a great genius. The amount of his work, practically finished by the time he was one-and-thirty, is naturally not great; but take the best of it—take "Taras Bulba," "The Inspector," "Dead Souls," and the best of the short stories, and you get a marked impression of strength and variety. There is truth, humor, imagination; he unites, in a rare degree, power with delicacy of observation; his touch is as light as it is firm.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIT OF MAN.

I.

I MET her at a garden-party, not a joyous gathering of tennis-players and girls laughing to the sun, but the gloomy affair of the morbidly select. In bright red she blossomed with all the sweets of a woman magically feminine. Her crisp, black hair seemed ready to fly out against conventionalities, against hats particularly, and her brown eyes were golden with the joy of life; wit had chiselled her features, so excellently irregular in the roundness of their curves, to pointed nose and chin. I could not but enjoy, as a relief from all the elaborate angles of her stiff surroundings, the rapid undulations of her lithe figure, her expressive arms, dancing little feet, as she sat there, a wild gipsy, fashionable and polished, but still untamed by society. Pouting like some playful child over lessons, her mouth rigidly set against the flickering dimples of irrepressible laughter, she listened to the pompous old Duc de Retz, or answered her wise

sentences at random, with a wave of her hand.

"Who is she?" I inquired of M. Pimodan de St. Ouen, a walking edition of *Le Tout Paris*, tightly bound in frock-coat.

"Why, that is *la belle Comtesse de Crequy de Canaples*; a widow, *mon cher*, young, rich. If you admire her, here's your chance. The duke is dying to talk politics with the Dowager de Baudricourt. Forward, to the rescue!" And M. Pimodan emitted that short, dry note which serves him as laugh or cough, while I stepped up to M. de Retz who gratefully introduced me. "Dear cousin! Mr. Castlehigh, — Comtesse de Canaples."

And he retired, as Madame de Canaples smiled up at me with her humorous eyes. Her voice was fluently musical as she gaily said, "We are not quite strangers, for I have met your charming sister at the Plot-Chandieu." Before I could frame a compliment, she suddenly added: "Do you love her?"

"Who?"

"Your sister, of course. I like every man to love his sister."

"Well, I hope I do."

"You only *hope*! Are you an Englishman?"

"More or less."

"Less, decidedly *less*. An Englishman with blue eyes like yours, should not only be honest and brave, but *sure*, sure of everything. Don't you see, don't you understand what strength, what manliness there is in being absolutely sure, even if you are quite wrong? It is healthy; everything strong and absolute is healthy. What are you, then?"

"Well, a cosmopolitan."

"Ah bah!" she exclaimed, with a toss of her diminutive head, as she surveyed me good-humoredly. "And that means that you are not interested in anything but the surface of things; that your sentiments are paradoxes; that your aspirations go no higher than a lift will carry you; that your feelings, philosophy, life, love, lounge in a mental *Hôtel Métropole*, and never

work at home. Have you no preference for any country?"

"I think I prefer France."

"For shame; you a Castlehigh, you whose very name seems rooted in Saxon soil! Ah," she added, with another of her kindly smiles, "I see it all; you think to flatter. But why should you not speak the truth? I adore the truth! You cannot possibly love anything better than your birth-place, your family, your home!"

I laughed, saying: "You see, my mother was French."

She seized my hand and shook it frankly, as she exclaimed: "Then you really did love your mother? You love her country? 'Tis well! All human greatness of man is in his devotion to his mother. France then seems to unfold you in her arms; the very air caresses, soothes, and nurses you! But nevertheless you are an Englishman. This mixing of races and names breaks traditions of hereditary faith. Man must be steadfast. Only a woman may capriciously adopt and passionately follow her love across the seas, may be irresponsible, except to God, herself, and her husband. Man must be the rock to which we cling. He is our country, our name, our heart. Remember that song of your people:—

In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
He remains an Englishman.

How nice of him! You know there are temptations, for England means duty. But I am preaching, excuse me. You have such a real, honest, British face that I cannot help feeling disappointed at finding you a mere cosmopolitan. Go back to England; there is the place for the clever and the brave."

"You flatter!"

"Never!"

"But I feel flattered."

"You should feel ashamed then, as flattery commences where truth ceases. Are you not clever, are you not brave?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, at any rate you have enough

false modesty to please most people of the world."

I blushed.

"Have I hurt your feelings?" she said, with her hand on my arm, in soft, gentle tones. "I am so sorry! I only wished to spur you out of this nonchalant attitude. I am sure 'tis only a pose, that you really have ideals. Come now, don't let me do you an injustice; I hate misunderstandings. Admit it, you are a worker, not simply a walking gentleman; you have something beneath the crown of your hat. What do you do, tell me?" And she leaned forwards, her eyes intent on mine.

"Well, I write a little poetry," I stammered.

Her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, she clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming in a musical roulade: "You love your mother and you are a poet! I knew your English eyes expressed ideals, strength, and health. Poets may be cosmopolitans; indeed, their home is in all nations' hearts. Have you published? Not yet? Oh, then do bring your manuscripts to my house; could you come to-morrow, Tuesday? Yes? How good of you, when every moment may be precious gold. Thank you, and *au revoir*."

And as I held that small hand in mine, I felt that I had made a friend.

When I called next day Madame de Canaples was in her boudoir. She listened to my reading, silently, attentively, almost, it seemed, reverently; and when I left the house after dinner, I felt very great. The next morning we met in the Bois and rode together; the same night we danced a cotillon at Madame de Plot-Chandieu's. Fate seemed determined to make us meet, and perhaps we helped her.

If a man and woman see much of each other, they invariably talk of themselves, wax sentimental by waltz music and imagine themselves in love after supper. But I am tired of flirtations, sick of telling a woman, whom I only admire, that I love her. So one evening, as we discussed sentiment over *pâté-de-foie-gras*, I told her how

much I regretted that two great minds should slavishly follow the example of the stupid. She agreed. "If we remain on our present footing, one of us may fall in love." She opened her innocent eyes, smiling. "Yes," I continued, "in love; what else can happen? Whereas if we go off somewhere together and live naturally, unconstrained by the world, we shall know ourselves truly and enjoy a few days of rest."

"Oh, the wit of man!" she cried, gaily clapping her hands, her whole face beaming with delight.

The next evening we started by rail for Fontainebleau. Soon we were both fast asleep, only to wake at our destination. She took a room at one hotel, I at another. The next day we drove in the forest, silently watching the royal trees, till our eyes grew tired and we fell asleep. We stayed there a fortnight, driving, sleeping, barely saying a word, and yet quite happy.

When we were back in Paris, she asked, "And why did we go to Fontainebleau for that?"

"Because," I replied, "at Fontainebleau we kept regular hours, allowed ourselves no cerebral excitement, drank no champagne, heard no one whisper, 'Little Castlehigh is awfully in love with Madame de Canaples,' or 'The countess is decidedly sweet on *ce cher garçon*!' I have simply proved, dear lady, that society was forcing us, with its champagne and talk, to think of each other, whereas nature left us to follow our own individual and separate thoughts. Oh, that fortnight in Fontainebleau! We scarcely spoke twice a day. Silence is repose, and repose is bliss. To think that we might have been vulgar lovers! A few more days of Paris, and my fate, at least, was sealed. But I understood the dangers of our situation. Could anything be more paradoxical and modern than our elopement to Fontainebleau? Carry off a woman mysteriously at night, two hours by rail to a strange town, remain there a fortnight *en tête-à-tête*! And all that not to become lovers, but on the contrary to escape the necessary,

the historical development of a situation without issue. Don't you think that our late adventure gives us incontestable superiority over the greatest wits of our age?"

She seized both my hands and fixed my eyes. It was a rapid, searching, wondrous look; only her irregular and mobile face could have such expression; and for half a second she seemed to tear open my soul, take a peep, see it all, and shut it up. Then she sat down on the sofa and gazed meditatively at me. Humor and disappointment were blended in her dimpled smile. She crossed her arms, nodded her head, examined her little feet slowly one after the other, and sighed, "The wit of man!" She shrugged her shoulders most charmingly as she reiterated, each time with a quite new and singular intonation: "The wit of man, the wit of man!"

Most people would have been put out by the obvious double meaning of this remark, but I am a psychologist; in fact I pride myself not a little on my penetration. I understood that she smiled at my wit, compared me to others, and sighed as she regretfully reflected how few men are really capable of such subtle conduct with women. They are few indeed!

Then she buried her face in her hands to think. And, with equal unexpectedness, came softly to me and kissed my cheek. "Thank you," she said in a strangely far-off voice; "though a youth, you are a great philosopher. Henceforth we are friends; we will never allow society to make us pose one to the other, but meet sometimes and rest together."

She tripped away out of the room. But the door suddenly re-opened and she leaned forward, offering her exquisite figure to my view like a bouquet, as she smiled with her sweet, red lips. "The wit of man, ha! ha!" she laughed as she ran down-stairs.

II.

NEARLY every day Madame de Canaples comes to sit in my study. Her work-basket and favorite books are in

a corner ; even when absent, the atmosphere of her pervades the room like a spirit and soothes me. We are usually quite silent, but when I do speak she listens, as she did when I first read my poems to her, and the flickering gold in her brown eyes seems to light my memory, and color my expression. The other day she said : "I know exactly the position which I occupy between your books and cigarettes." Her tone was somewhat bitter. But I proved to her that she is my most precious friend ; for she never bores me, following all my moods and indulging them in a manner most surprising when I think of it. Really I am so thankful that for once I resisted the temptation of flirting. Love would have spoiled our friendship as it does everything. Even Madame de Canaples torments her lover. For she is going to marry Jacques de Chandieu ; at least she tells me so. But on this subject she lavishes all the caprice and childishness which friendship seems to have drowned in her with me. Sometimes she speaks passionately of *le beau Jacques*, who is a dashing officer of Chasseurs, somewhat brainless, very handsome, and quite spoiled by Madame de Plot-Chandieu. At other times Madame de Canaples says that she hates him ; and her sudden reversions of feeling are really beginning to torment him into a man of thought. He obeys her like a faithful dog ; she snubs him, as a woman does a man who loves her. Whereas with me she is unfailing in her gentle consideration, ceaseless in her delicate attentions. And the moral of all this is : *If you like a woman don't make love to her ; if you love her don't marry her.* I told her so the other day ; she blushed and laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks, saying as usual, "The wit of man !" as she wiped her eyes and composed herself back to the letter which I was dictating to my London tailor.

But I do wish she would marry Jacques and be done with it. Her capricious treatment of him and appeals to my sympathy are rather teaz-

ing. She always wants to know what I think. Now that is just what I don't do when she is by me ; I then simply take repose in her society from all mental exertion. It has become a habit, and these constant demands on my reasoning faculties, though flattering, bore me. Can no woman ever leave well alone ?

When she came in this afternoon, I saw by the way she hovered about my chair before sitting down, that something was on her mind. She wore a red dress very like that which she had on the day I first met her at Madame de Retz's garden-party. She struck me as prettier than ever, and her charming figure was a joy to my eye as she lay on the sofa, or leaned over to read my last poem. There is about her something suavely womanly which acts like a charm on man. She has that fragrance of body and soul which makes me feel as though life is really worth living when she is at my side.

"I am decided to marry Jacques," she said, as she poured me out a cup of tea.

"At last ! Allow me to congratulate you," I remarked with a vast assumption of interest.

"No ! I am very miserable," she sighed, as she passed me the cup.

"Why ?"

"Because I don't love him enough."

"Why marry him, then ?"

"Because, because I am lonely, Reginald !" and her expression was piteous as she repeated, "Oh so lonely !"

"Did you love Monsieur de Canaples ?"

"No ; I was too young."

"Have you ever loved any one ?" I inquired airily, after a pause.

She jumped to her feet like a startled deer and confronted me with burning eyes. "Yes," she said fiercely.

"Yes !"

"Was he married ?"

She shook her head.

"Dead ?"

"No."

"Why don't you take him then ?"

She slowly answered, with downcast eyes, "He doesn't love me."

"Are you sure?"

She looked up at me. "Yes," she said. "I am quite sure."

"Well then try to make him."

"I have!" she retorted sharply.

"Without success? You astonish me! I was only just thinking how fascinating you are." She blushed. "There is something about you which particularly appeals to man. We are all such vain creatures, that any woman, particularly you, with a few smiles might reduce the most indifferent of us to a desperate condition." She shrugged her shoulders. "Have you tried everything with him?"

She turned on me curiously. "Now really what do you suppose I have been doing? Does a woman ever give up anything but a losing game?" She laughed a trifle sardonically and repeated wearily, as she let herself fall back on the sofa, "Yes, I have tried everything, Reginald dear, *everything!*"

"You have even told him you love him?"

"Certainly not."

"Try that."

"But," she answered, turning round on me, "I have insinuated it. And if he won't see it, 'tis because he can't love me, and doesn't wish to trifle with my affections by raising false hopes."

"A rare gentleman, if such is the case."

"You approve of him then?"

"Don't we agree in everything?"

"Yes," she answered sadly. And then she began to cry like a child, violent, hot tears of rage and grief. My whole soul swelled to sympathy. I took her hands and softly kissed them. Perhaps I am a little in love with her; at least I thought so at the time; but then I know woman's sensitiveness too well to allow my love to burst on their unhappiness. Perhaps my kisses were a trifle passionate, for she turned pale and pushed me away, her eyes brilliant and gigantic, as she looked at me astonished. "Don't, please don't, Reginald!" she pleaded.

"I beg your pardon." She smiled

and I continued eloquently. "I wish that man was not such a fool. If he only knew what a fine creature you are; if he only understood you as I do! Tell me his name. I will become his most intimate friend for your sake. And you know between men, we have so many means of conveying an impression, exciting a curiosity about some woman. I am sure that I could make him fall in love with you, my dear, without his guessing that I even knew you, except as a casual acquaintance."

With both hands upraised to the ceiling she laughed outright, as she flung herself out of the room, exclaiming in a voice that I shall remember to my dying day, "The stupidity of man!"

I am afraid that her verdict on my sex is just, though I may flatter myself that there a few exceptions.

From The Nineteenth Century.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS IN CHINA.

As most persons are aware, China was the first country in which appointments in the government service were thrown open to public competition. The system has been tried there now for many hundreds of years; and if there be one thing on which the Chinese universally agree, it is the excellence of this method of selecting their rulers. One must not think that this unanimity on their part results merely from unreasoning conservatism; for, in other respects, they are quite capable of seeing defects in their public service. Moreover, they have constant opportunities for comparing the men so chosen with those who have entered into the public service by other doors. For instance, a good many men begin their official life by holding irregular appointments, from which they are transferred or promoted into the regular service as a reward for the capacity that they have displayed, or for their usefulness to their superiors. Besides these, there are the purchasers, always a numerous band, who have been more than ordinarily plentiful during the last

forty years. The opportunity for these gentlemen comes whenever the treasury is in want of money for any special matter; for instance, to relieve sufferers in a time of severe famine, to defray the expenses of a war, or to close some extraordinary breach in the embankment of the Yellow River. At such times subscription lists are opened, and the public all notified that contributors will be recommended for official rewards. These rewards, for the most part, take the form of honorary titles, higher or lower according to the size of the donations; but a certain number of the most liberal payers can, if they wish it, secure their actual entry into the regular service.

Any Chinaman will tell one that, as a rule, the nominees for merit make better public servants than the purchasers, and that the open competition men are the best of all. The latter, while less greedy for money, display more intelligence and administrative power; and, strange to say, these latter qualities in a mandarin exercise a greater influence than personal honesty upon the well-being of the people under him. For, in ordinary times, the most important and the most difficult of all his tasks is that of keeping a check upon the intrigues and the rapacity of the permanent clerks and servants attached to his office. If he be not a man of power and capacity, while nominally their master he will become their tool, and under the shadow of his power they will prey upon the people like wolves upon sheep.

The great Taiping Rebellion, which broke out in China forty years ago, showed in a very marked way the value of the bookmen as public servants. During that perilous period the throne tottered almost to its fall, the richest provinces were entirely lost for several years, and the machinery of government was thrown out of gear. Here was a time when system and precedent were cast to the winds, and when men of ability of any kind had an unexampled opportunity of securing recognition of their worth. Even then, the small band of distinguished men who

came to the front in an extraordinary manner, and who may fairly be said to have saved the empire, were without exception scholars of the highest literary powers.

The chief of them was the great Tseng Kuo-fan, father of the late minister to England, who was already an old man at the conclusion of the rebellion and died shortly afterwards. Among his lieutenants, as one may call them, was Tso Tsung-tang, who afterwards crushed the rebellion of the Mahomedans in north-west China and reconquered Chinese Turkestan. Another of them was Peng Yu-lin, the eccentric hero, whom no man ever accused of desiring money, who would not accept a regular governorship, but who as naval commissioner used to roam up and down the river Yangtse, visiting in disguise the towns on its banks, hearing the talk in the tea-houses, redressing wrongs, and occasionally visiting offenders with summary death. Lastly, there is Li Hung-chang, still alive and in active work, who may claim beyond question to be, in practical ability, the greatest man of them all, as has been shown by the skill and success with which during the last twenty years he has guided the fortunes both of the State and of himself.

In no country is education more highly esteemed than in China. The child of the working-man as a rule cannot hope to get more than a mere smattering. But scattered through the country are numberless families, the members of which for generation after generation are always students, and from whom as a rule the officials come. They have no knowledge of any business or trade. They correspond very closely to what are, or used to be, called gentlemen in England, and preserve their position with great tenacity, even when hard pressed by poverty. Rich *parvenus* as a matter of course engage tutors for their children; and in the humblest ranks of life occasionally parents will stint themselves to give an opportunity to some son who has shown marked intelligence at the village school. But neither of these

classes compete on an equality with those to whom learning is an hereditary profession. The cultivation and intellectual discipline prevailing in such families give their members a marked advantage over those who get no help of the kind at home, and who must therefore depend entirely on what they learn from their paid teachers.

The orthodox scheme of education is entirely concerned with the ancient literature of China. The original works which occupy the student's attention were for the most part written before the literature of either Greece or Rome had reached its prime. But there are commentators belonging to later periods who must also be perused with diligence. China has not seen an influx of new races such as have overrun Europe since the days of our classical authors; but still, from mere lapse of time, the language of the country has greatly changed; and the child beginning his studies cannot without explanation understand a single sentence, even if he has learned to read the words of the lesson which he has before him. The student makes himself acquainted as thoroughly as possible with these classical works. The more he can quote of them the better; but he must master the matter contained in them as well. He must get to know the different readings and different interpretations of disputed passages; and finally he practises himself in prose and verse composition. In prose he carefully preserves the ancient phraseology, never admitting modern words; though there are certain technicalities of style which will prevent his productions from being an exact imitation of the ancient literature. His verses must be in close imitation of the old-time poets. They must follow elaborate rules as to rhythm, and the words must rhyme according to the classical sounds, which are very different from those of to-day.

One cannot but be struck with the close parallel which these studies present to what is called classical education in modern Europe. No unbiassed judge could fail to place the literature

of Greece and Rome far above that of ancient China. But, this being granted, it should be plain to any one, after the description given above, that in either case the course of study requires the same sort of ability to achieve success, and develops and sharpens the same mental faculties. Seeing, then, that common opinion, whether rightly or wrongly, has proclaimed the study of Greek and Latin as an unequalled instrument for the training of the mind in Europe, does it not seem absurd to say, as many people do, that a Chinese education merely warps and deforms the understanding, and cultivates the memory at the expense of other mental powers? No one who has had much conversation with well-educated Chinamen can have failed to recognize that their intellectual acuteness is well developed. They are logical, quick to see a point, and capable of carrying on a long train of argument. Where they fall short in comparison with Europeans is in their stock of general information. They are indeed wofully ignorant of many things, but the knowledge which they lack is exactly that which we gather from modern books, newspapers, or accomplished friends, and which does not come at all into a course of classical study either at schools or universities. The Chinese themselves do not by any means hold that quickness in learning by heart and strong capability of remembering are all-important for their course of study. Quite recently one of them remarked to me that an ordinary scholar would owe nine-tenths of his success to intelligence and one-tenth to powers of memory. This was an incidental remark, not in any way made with a view to defend the course of education adopted in China.

In order to understand the system of examinations in China, it is necessary to be in some slight degree acquainted with the political divisions of the country. China proper, exclusive of its dependencies, is made up of twenty provinces, each under its governor or governor-general. A province is di-

vided into about a dozen prefectures, which may be compared to French departments, and which, except in a few sparsely peopled regions, will contain a population of from one to two millions. A prefecture is sub-divided into six or eight sections, generally known as "districts," of which the area is ordinarily something like thirty miles square. Each district has its own chief town, and is governed by an officer, whose title foreigners are accustomed to translate as "magistrate." The population of some few districts must approach a million; while in others it is below fifty thousand. Two hundred thousand may be taken as the average.

Suppose a student wishes to get a degree, as is the case with pretty nearly every one who has given himself up seriously to learning. He must first provide himself with a certificate, signed by respectable neighbors, showing that he is of good character, that he has not been convicted of any offence, and that his forefathers for three generations have not been barbers, play-actors, domestic servants, or employed in one or two other despised capacities. He may now present himself at one of the periodical examinations held in the district to which his family belongs, not in the one where he or his father may chance to be living at the moment. At this examination there is no limit to the number of those who can pass, and the candidate therefore should have no difficulty in succeeding. But no degree is conferred on him, and he is merely entitled to appear at the lowest of the great national competitions. It is now that the real struggle begins. Twice in every three years an examination is held in every prefecture for the students who have passed their "preliminary" as above described. Those who are successful in it win their first degree, and become bachelors of arts, as it is the custom for us foreigners to call them. This examination is competitive, since only a fixed number of degrees may be granted, so many for each district in the prefecture. A very large and populous district may have

twenty-five places allotted to it, a very small and backward one not more than seven or eight. The contest is thus a pretty severe one; but still it is considered that any intelligent and industrious student should succeed after one or two trials. Many do so at the first attempt.

Every third year, in the autumn, comes the next higher examination, that for the degree of master of arts. It is held simultaneously in every provincial capital, and all bachelors of arts belonging to the province are qualified to compete in it, no matter of how many years' standing they may be, or how many times they have already made the attempt. There will be perhaps seven or eight thousand candidates, and seventy or eighty degrees to be conferred. Under such conditions failure can be a disgrace to no one; and many men, who feel themselves competent, will continue to enter the lists regularly as each third year comes round, without ever attaining the desired goal. Indeed, after this examination it appears to be the custom for the emperor, as an act of grace, to grant degrees to the candidates over eighty years of age, who will perhaps be three or four in number, the governor of the province having made application on their behalf and having certified that their papers were of respectable quality, though not good enough to succeed in open competition. There could not well be stronger evidence of the high esteem in which literary honors are held in China than the fact that they are sought by men of such an age, who certainly can hope for no practical benefit from them. In the following spring the contest is renewed at Peking, where once in three years there is an examination for the degree of doctor, open to all masters of arts from any part of the empire. Some will compete over and over again, especially those whose homes are not at a great distance from the capital; but some never present themselves at Peking at all, being kept away by the great expense of the journey and of a temporary sojourn in a strange place.

It is on this account not uncommon that a wealthy man should endow a fund for the purpose of defraying the traveling expenses of poor scholars belonging to his neighborhood. The number of men who muster triennially for this examination is generally about eight thousand. Each province has allotted to it a certain number of degrees, approximately one for every twenty candidates that it sends up. This separation of the provinces is an innovation of the present dynasty. Formerly the scholars from all parts competed against each other. But it was found that the men of one or two provinces, where culture had reached its highest pitch, carried off a very large proportion of the total number of degrees. It was therefore thought advisable to make a change, both for the sake of encouraging study in the more backward regions, and in order that the men destined to govern the country might be selected from all parts of it.

It will be plain from the description given above that, in China, literary honors are not easily acquired, and that, for each scholar who reaches the goal, there are very many who fall by the way. But what are the rewards for him who does achieve success? What is there to repay him for his years of arduous toil, for the expense which he has incurred, and, often, for the privations which he has undergone? For the doctor there is secured an immediate entry into the service of the State. This means a great deal more in China than it does in England. The parallel would be nearer if Great Britain were governed by a body of officials such as the Covenanted Civil Service of India. After the doctoral examination at Peking there is a final competition for the successful graduates, held within the walls of the palace itself. Those who do best in it are made members of the Han Liu, or College of Literature, from which department they should later have no difficulty in mounting to high positions in other branches of the service. The doctor who fails to secure this crowning honor is consoled by a post in one of the great

government offices at Peking, or is sent to one of the provinces with the rank of magistrate, *i.e.*, the ruler of a district as above described. He will be retained for a period of probation at the provincial capital, after which he will be eligible for an appointment as soon as a vacancy occurs. This may be in a few months, or in certain provinces not till after some years of waiting. The duties which he will be called upon to perform are serious, combining those of general administrator, judge, and collector of revenue. If he be a mere bookworm—a “book-fool” is the Chinese expression for such a character—he cannot expect to rise far; but if he have practical as well as literary ability, he may fairly hope to win wealth and distinction, and perhaps may attain to some of the highest posts in the empire.

Unlike the doctor, the master of arts has no claim upon the government for employment. Once, indeed, in every nine years, if he has tried unsuccessfully at the last three doctoral examinations, he may appear before a government commission, which selects a limited number of those present and nominates them for official appointments.

But this privilege cannot reach a very large number. His degree, however, makes it very much easier for him to obtain an official appointment by one of the irregular methods mentioned on the first page of this article; and his subsequent promotion to higher places will be facilitated in a similar way. For he will be recognized as a man of education and intellectual power, qualities which are generally wanting in those who are received into the public service by a side door. Should he not aspire to an official career, he ought to have no difficulty in getting a well-paid tutorship or a private secretaryship to some official. But employments such as these, though affording him a living, will seem very humble after the ambitious dreams in which he has probably indulged. For the rest, he must be content with the influence and consideration which he will enjoy. These

indeed will be very marked, if he happens to live in a country district, where men of similar distinction are sure to be rare. He will always have one practical benefit from his degree—as long as he holds it he cannot be subjected to corporal punishment. This is an important privilege in a country where flogging is the penalty generally applied for petty offences, and where a prisoner, or even a witness, may be summarily beaten, if the judge think him to be prevaricating or refusing to tell all that he knows. The master of arts possesses this immunity as long as he holds his degree, of which he can only be deprived by the special mandate of the emperor. If, however, there be *prima facie* evidence of his having committed any serious offence, the provincial governor will make a representation to the emperor, who will then issue the required decree. The bachelor of arts enjoys somewhat similar advantages; but, as he is one of a larger and a lower class, they naturally are not so strongly marked. His degree gives him the same protection from corporal punishment, but, if he misconduct himself, he can be deprived of it by the provincial authorities without the intervention of the emperor.

The manner in which an examination is conducted in China differs so much from our way of doing things in Europe that a short description of one will probably be of interest to the reader. Let us take for the purpose a provincial, or mastership of arts, examination, the procedure for which is very similar to that held at Peking for the doctor's degree.

The candidate must arrive in the provincial capital at the very latest a week before the commencement of the examination. Otherwise he will be too late to give notice that he intends to compete, and to present at the proper office the necessary statement of his name, address, and antecedents, accompanied by a short description of his personal appearance. These are endorsed on the outside of three very large but neatly folded sheets of paper, which will afterwards be returned to

him in the examination hall, and will there be used by him to write the fair copies of his essays upon. He has now nothing to do till the day arrives, except to prepare the "kit" which he must take with him into the hall. Here we come upon the great difference between an examination in England and one in far Cathay. The Chinaman does not sit at a desk for three hours and then go out again. Once he is in, whether he like it or not, he must stay there for three days. And, as he has to provide for his own wants during that time, he requires a great deal besides his writing materials. Some rice will be issued by the government on the second day, but probably not on the first and third; and in any case it will very possibly be of doubtful quality, so that he will do well not to trust to it. He therefore lays in a substantial stock of provisions, cooked rice, biscuits, ham, hard-boiled eggs, anything that will keep and will not give trouble in preparing. Still, he generally takes a tiny stove and some charcoal, so that he can warm up anything if he desires to do so. His teapot and teacup and a stock of tea he will be quite certain to remember. The attendants will bring him hot water when wanted. Matches and candles should not be forgotten, nor his pipe and tobacco, if he be a smoker. Then, though the days may be hot, the nights will be cold. He must have extra clothing to put on in the evening, and a large, thickly wadded quilt, which, wrapped round him, will serve at once as a blanket and a quilt when he goes to sleep at night. Lastly, his cell is exposed to the rays of the sun, if the sky be clear, or the rain may beat in, if the weather be wet. He should, therefore, have a light screen and an oilskin sheet, which he can hang up, if required. All these things together form a load which will tax his strength pretty severely when he comes to carry them into the place. This probably he will have to do himself; as, wherever the rules are strictly observed, no servant or porter is allowed to pass through the portals.

The examination hall, as we have called it for want of a better word, consists of a vast enclosure, surrounded by a wall too high to be scaled. It is traversed by a number of main roads communicating with the gates of entry. On either side of every main road, running out of it at right angles, is a succession of long, narrow alleys, each forming a *cul-de-sac*. Let us step into one of these alleys. On one hand, all the way along, stretches a low, tiled roof, covering a row of tiny rooms, something less than six feet square, all of the same size and pattern, having on three sides blank walls and on the fourth, opening on to the alley, a door and a window, or rather two doorless and windowless apertures. Inside, opposite the door, is a plank supported at the ends on brickwork, which serves for a seat, and opposite the window another plank, similarly fixed but at a higher elevation, does duty for a table. Both the boards are movable, and so can be taken down and used to lie upon when the occupant wishes to stretch himself out for the night. On the opposite side of the alley there is a long, dead wall forming the back of the next row of cells. All through the enclosure, right and left, in front and behind, everywhere run the rows of tiny rooms. Nothing else is seen, excepting two or three open spaces, where the students appear to answer to their names, and a single pavilion raised high above the ground. This latter is used by the proctors and their staffs as a post of observation, where they can keep a watch over all that is going on. At the back of the main enclosure is an inner courtyard containing several buildings. Here the examiners and their assistants are shut up during the whole progress of the examination. They must not go out themselves, and no visitors may be admitted, till the papers have been all looked through and the class list is ready for publication.

At last the day arrives for the commencement of the examination. The calling of the roll and the settling of the candidates in their cells take a very

long time, perhaps the whole of the day. To lessen the confusion, the men of each prefecture are received at a particular hour and in a particular spot, notice of which has been previously given. As the candidate enters the gate of the enclosure his person and baggage should be searched, to see that he is not carrying any pocket edition of the classics or other illicit article. But ordinarily this investigation is conducted in a very perfunctory manner. It is considered that any one who is not good enough to win without adventitious aids will not do so with them. The candidate then proceeds to the place where the roll is called; and, as he answers to his name, he receives from a clerk one of the folded sheets bearing his name and description, which he handed in a week previously, and on which he will proceed to write his essays. It now bears an official stamp, and on it has been marked the name of the alley and the number of the cell which he will occupy. Nothing remains to be done but to take his baggage to the place indicated and wait, it may be for many hours, till he can commence his work. Some time late in the day the printed slips of paper are distributed, showing the themes upon which he must write. They are short passages from the classics, and form the subjects for three prose essays and one piece of verse. The candidate is free to occupy himself with them as he likes. He may work, sleep, or eat at whatever hours he pleases. He may chat with his neighbors if he finds any inclined for relaxation. But he has to make a home of his cell for two nights. On the third day he must deliver up his paper and depart before dark, and he may do so as early as he pleases. If the stamped sheet has been destroyed or damaged by some accident so that he cannot hand it in, or if he has failed to accomplish the task of producing four compositions of the requisite length, his name will immediately be posted on the defaulters' list, and he cannot return to continue the competition.

After one night's rest at home, the candidates re-appear for the second set

of papers. The roll is called again, a second stamped sheet is issued, fresh seats are allotted, and the procedure is the same as before. Only, this time there are five essays to be written, on fresh classical subjects. After three days again comes a night's rest, and then the hall is entered for the last time. The length of stay is the same; but on this occasion formal essays are not demanded. The examiners give five sets of questions on any subjects that they please; for example, history, geography, scholarship, moral philosophy, political economy, and even natural science. When these have been answered the contest is finished; but there are three or four weeks to wait before the issuing of the class list. The examination is a pretty severe trial to any one of a weak constitution. A death in the enclosure is not a very rare thing, and sicknesses are often caused, either by the heat, if the weather be particularly fine and clear, or by the cold and damp, if it be wet and windy. Still, the delicate-looking Chinese scholars, men utterly unused to active exercise, support the inevitable hardship and discomfort better than the infinitely more vigorous and athletic young gentlemen of England could do.

Most elaborate measures are taken to prevent the possibility of partiality being shown by the examiners. As soon as the essays have been collected by the attendants, they are handed to a first official, under whose supervision a slip of paper is pasted over the writer's name, and they are marked with a number which they retain throughout the examination. They are then passed on to the transcribing department, where copies of them are made in red ink. A third department compares the originals with the copies; after which the former are carefully stowed away, while the latter are delivered to the sub-examiners, among whom they are distributed by hazard. These gentlemen are ten or more in number, perhaps one to every seven or eight hundred candidates. Each of them looks through the pile allotted to him,

rejects the major part, and reserves a tenth or so for the consideration of the higher examiners. These latter are two in number, one chief and one assistant. They are always Peking officials of distinguished literary attainments, and are specially appointed by the emperor for the occasion. The papers of nearly a thousand candidates reach them, but they can only graduate the exact number allowed to the province, which will always be about seventy or eighty. They have also to determine an order of merit.

Even when the names of the graduates have been published, the checks against corruption are not yet exhausted. For each province there is appointed a censor, whose task it is to inspect the successful essays and see that there are no signs of anything wrong. This is not a mere form; as a few years ago, in consequence of a report made by the censor, an examiner was degraded for some very trifling carelessness or other. Also, on application to the proper office, the unsuccessful candidates can get back their papers, that is to say, the red copies of them; and although they have practically no redress for unfair treatment, still the publicity thus insured tends to make the examiners careful as to what they select and what they reject.

Among Chinese scholars it is very generally held that there is a great deal of luck in getting a degree. No doubt this belief is partly born of disappointment and of the natural attempt to console oneself for one's want of success. And, where there are something like a hundred who fail for every one that wins a prize, the opinions of the beaten ones will be heard most loudly and most widely. Still, there is a good deal of truth in what is commonly urged. Many candidates, it is said, are hopelessly below the average level needed for success, and they are speedily struck out of the running, while there are a few men of eminent ability or literary power whose talents win immediate recognition from the examiners. But between these two classes there remain a very large number

whose capacity is pretty nearly equal. Nevertheless, as the number of degrees is fixed, only a few of them can be accepted, and many more must be rejected. For these men it is said to be almost a toss-up whether their papers survive the first scrutiny, so as to be sent in to the higher examiners, and, if they are, it is still a chance what becomes of them then. The difficulty of rapidly deciding between nearly equal candidates is much increased by the fact that the papers are principally essays, which cannot be accurately valued in marks in the way that answers to questions can be in England.

With all the pains taken to secure purity, is it possible that fraud should exist? Yes, say the Chinese, perhaps as many as three or four per cent. of the degrees are gained unfairly. There are two means of cheating which are commoner than any other. One of them is to use essays written by some person outside the enclosure. This is managed through the agency of one of the guards, who makes known the subjects to the writer outside, and brings back the drafts when he has composed them. The second method is to utilize the productions of a fellow candidate, with whom it is easy to communicate through the medium of the attendants. Sometimes a poor student, to whom a certain sum of ready money is worth more than the chance of a degree, will deliberately sacrifice his own chance by devoting his time to working for a neighbor; or sometimes he may be clever enough and quick enough at composing to write two good sets of papers in the allotted time. A third method is personation. A practised writer will take the name and place of a candidate who stays away altogether. But this plan is dangerous and less often resorted to. Not only must the officials be hoodwinked, but some of the candidates may know that the personator is not the man whom he represents himself to be; and if so, they will denounce him in their own interests. Besides, in case of detection, the punishment is very severe. It will be noticed that none of these

plans can positively ensure the graduation of a candidate. As was said above, only a few men of really marked ability can compose papers which will command certain success; and such men will not lend themselves to tricks of the kind. Still, as the cost is not high, a good many young men with more money than brains will resort to one of the schemes, and take their chance of being among the fortunate ones.

To be certain of buying a degree there is only one way, and that is to corrupt the chief examiner. This is not an easy matter. He is often not approachable with money; and should he be so, the expense will be very great. If he yields to the temptation, the usual plan is to arrange a private sign by which he may recognize the papers which he is to favor. That is to say, the candidate introduces a certain phrase, which has been agreed upon, into the first paragraph of his first essay, or something else of the kind. But, as we have seen above, the great man can only judge such papers as are sent up to him after a preliminary inspection by the inferior examiners. It is therefore necessary to make arrangements for them to pass successfully through the earlier ordeal. This is managed by the clerks, a body of men who, I may remark, are at the bottom of nineteen-twentieths of all the official corruption in China. One of these fellows, having been sufficiently paid, contrives first to watch the papers through the sealing up and the transcribing departments, and then to hand them to some particular sub-examiner who has previously been "squared." Again, as the productions of the successful candidates will be finally scrutinized by a special inspector, they must be of such a quality that the examiner can accept them without being manifestly open to the charge of favoritism. It is a hundred to one that the briber is incapable of himself composing anything good enough, and therefore he must in the first place resort to one of the tricks detailed above in order to get his papers written for him.

If an examiner be convicted of corruption, the consequences are very serious for him. In the year 1858 an instance of this occurred at Peking. The chief examiner was a grand secretary—that is to say, an officer of the very highest rank. Among the candidates was a nephew of his by marriage, a bright and intelligent young fellow. The grand secretary was besought by his wife to take care of her nephew's interests; and, yielding to her solicitations, he gave him a high place upon the class list. By a curious accident the affair came to light. The young man was an extremely good amateur actor; and a month after he had obtained his degree he was invited to take part in some private theatricals at the house of a certain Peking magnate. Now, the theatrical profession is regarded in China something in the way that it was in France a couple of hundred years ago. As we have seen above, not even the grandson of an actor is permitted to present himself at the public examinations. It will easily be understood that under such circumstances, though there is nothing criminal in amateur acting, still, to take part in a performance would be looked upon as something extremely undignified for a man of distinguished reputation or high social position. Foolishly, the young man accepted the invitation. He played the part of the heroine (as of old in Europe, in China there are no actresses, female characters being always taken by young men or boys), and he was vociferously applauded for the excellence of his acting. One of the audience who knew him, observed to a neighbor that the young man was not only great as an actor, but had recently taken a high place in the examination for the master of arts degree. A censor, who was also among the guests, overheard the remark, and was filled with indignation at what he considered the disgraceful levity of one who had gained high literary honors. He lost no time in denouncing to the emperor the young man's misbehavior. An inquiry was instituted, in the course of which it was discovered how

his degree had been obtained. This led to fresh denunciations and the bringing to light of other irregularities. In the end the grand secretary was condemned to death for misconduct in the performance of his duty as chief examiner. He was a valued servant, and the emperor wished to spare his life. But it was represented by another official that this was a case where it was absolutely necessary to make a striking example. The unfortunate man was therefore publicly beheaded on the common execution ground at Peking.

Nor is the punishment light for him who attempts to bribe. Within the last few months, in the neighborhood of Shanghai, a gentleman of good position sent to a chief examiner a cheque for a thousand pounds with a request that he would favor certain candidates whose names were given on an accompanying list. The writer of the letter was denounced by the examiner; and, after being arrested and tried, he has been condemned to death. But as the sentence is not to be carried out immediately, it will probably be commuted in pursuance of an act of grace, which is sure to be proclaimed this year on the occasion of the empress-dowager's jubilee.

In concluding this article I should note that there is a great deal which it has left unsaid. It is not intended as an exhaustive description, but merely as a sketch of such prominent points as seemed likely to interest an English reader.

T. L. BULLOCK.

From *The Saturday Review*.
A LOVER'S CATECHISM.

If we may judge by many books, and articles yet more numerous, holy matrimony continues to agitate the minds of thinkers. While the world marries and is given in marriage, in the fearless old fashion, a multitude of counsellors bids mankind beware, and, as to marriage, mend it or end it. The difficulty, of course, is that nobody knows how a love match will wear. It

was different in the palmy days of Otaheite, where they practised the Old Hedonism, "as chance or fancy led," and subsequent differences of taste and character were matters of no importance. They are very important where man has "one unceasing wife," and woman has one unceasing husband. "In the long rubber of connubial life" rubs must come, and the problem is to foresee them and avoid them while it is yet time. An Italian writer advises the swain to cross-examine the nymph's maid, if she has one, and her farmers, if she is a landholder, and her coachman, and her late governess. But there is a trifling want of chivalry in such an inquest. Better and more openly fair it would be to print (on the back of the lists of dances used at balls) a lover's catechism. Questions could be asked about tastes and ideals. Thus, "Do you prefer town or country?" — a very important question, whereon may turn domestic tranquillity. "Are you a lady of decision, or do you like to make up your mind at the last moment?" This is momentous. There are wives, and husbands, who lay plans as deep, and as much beforehand, as any Moltke, and who are excessively annoyed if any change is made in their programme. Others enjoy the sensation of not being committed to anything; and if a train starts at 5 P.M. do not know at 4 P.M. whether or not they mean to take it. A fearful joy, perhaps, but still they snatch it, being enamoured of freedom, and of the unforeseen. A decided and foresighted woman, marrying a vacillating man, is certain to be unhappy, and not to contribute much to Hedonism on his side, and *vice versa*. These inquiries, therefore, are highly necessary, yet how few think of them beforehand! "Do you love society, or is solitude, *à deux*, your ideal?" is another query which demands a truthful response. We pity the social lady married to a Zimmermann (or Obermann) as much as the stern solitary wedded to a gadabout. Either taste is blameless; the sorrow comes when the tastes clash. Then there are such ponderous con-

siderations as "Do you still play the piano?" "Do you insist on keeping a fox-terrier?" "Do you suspect yourself of a tendency towards politics?" "Can you read Dickens?" "What do you think of 'The Heavenly Twins'?" Many other queries will suggest themselves to a reflective mind.

This catechism ought to be presented (on both sides) and fairly faced in the earliest hours of an acquaintance — those hours now so often wasted in frivolities. The reason is obvious. Once "an interest" is established, once the young people are "interested" in each other, it is too well known that they are capable of saying *anything*. They promise concessions which they are incapable of making, and assume tastes (such as a love of poetry, of golf, of music, of fox-terriers) which are as lovely and as evanescent as the "other crest" that the wanton lapwing provides himself with in spring. Such are lovers' perjuries, which excite a misplaced sense of humor in Jove. Really they are no laughing matter. The catechism, therefore, should be gone through at first before "glamour" has a chance. Of course, it will be of little service to the "soft enthusiasts" who love at first sight, but they are an insignificant minority.

It may conceivably be suggested that the lover's catechism will prove a mere Galeotto; but, at the very least, it would be a great aid to conversation.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LORD CHATHAM ON THE SURRENDER AT SARATOGA.

THE following letter from Lord Chatham to Lord Shelburne was written after the receipt of the news of the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga. It appears to have been separated many years ago from the rest of the collection at Lansdowne House; and, therefore, not to have been seen by the editors of the "Chatham Correspondence," published in 1838-40, who had access to that collection. The letter was lent for use by counsel in the case

of the Attorney-General v. Ryves, and was returned to Lansdowne House in 1886, after the completion of the proceedings connected with that trial. But it again got separated from the rest of the collection. The existence of it was therefore not known to me when I was writing the life of Lord Shelburne; nor was it again seen till 1893, when I accidentally found it. The probability is that the interest of the contents caused it to be specially put aside, and that no record of this having been made, the precautions thus taken were, as sometimes happens in such cases, themselves the cause of the temporary loss of the letter.

General Burgoyne surrendered on October 17th, 1777. The first report of the disaster reached England on December 2nd, and was fully confirmed on the 12th. The reception of the news greatly stimulated the activity of the party in Parliament, led by Lord Rockingham, which leaned to the recognition of the independence of the colonies; while Lord Chatham and his friends still believed in the possibility of conciliation.¹

EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO THE
EARL OF SHELburne.

HAYES, Dec. 18, 1777.

MY LORD, —

I cannot, though at dinner-time, suffer your Lordship's servants to return, without expressing my humble thanks for the favor of your very obliging and interesting communication. How decisive and how expressive are the ways of Providence! The sentiments and the conduct of the American Colonists, full of nobleness, dignity, and humanity! On the side of the Royalists, native English spirit, not to be extinguished, — thank God — by *enslaving principles*, and *peremptory nonsensical orders*! When will national blindness fall from our eyes, and the *gutta serena* be taken off that sight which should behold all with an equal view? If Vaughan has made good his retreat, it is a better fate than I expected; perhaps better than his *merciless* conduct deserved. I think Howe's situation most critical. Carleton's almost des-

perate. But more time, which is everything in *extreme cases*, is perhaps afforded him. I expect that he will use it well, and that *firmness and resource* will be called forth to save a very valuable Province, *absurdly and unjustly* distracted and alienated by an ill understood plan of *illiberal Tory principles*.

I saw Mr. Walpole here on last Monday, when I learnt all that your Lordship's communication from him contains. I am much obliged for the imparting it, and I beg leave to express the fullest sense of your Lordship's goodness in taking such a trouble.

I rejoice that the Americans have behaved in *victory* like men who were actuated by *principle*: not by motives of a less elevated nature. Every hour is big with expectations. Howe's army is besieged, and I expect a disgraceful and ruinous catastrophe to that *devoted body* of troops: the last remains of the all conquering forces of Great Britain. If the *Undoers of their country* ought to be pitied, in any case, my Lord, I may be well entitled to some compassion. I am all gout, but I hold out: going abroad for air. I have not much of the cordial of hope, and trust more to *Sir Walter Raleigh* than to a higher power, Providence excepted.

The last day in the House of Lords put an end to my hope from the *public*. I wish I might be permitted to *live and die* in my village, rather than sacrifice the little remnant I have left of Life to the hopeless labors of controversial speculation in Parliament. If I can avoid it, I mean to come little to Parliament, unless I may be of some service. I know that I cannot alter in the point, and if others who have as good a right to judge cannot either, I had better stay away. I shall thereby do less mischief to the public. I will as soon subscribe to *Transubstantiation* as to *Sovereignty (by right)*, in the Colonies. Again and again, humble thanks to your Lordship, for the favor of your most obliging letter. I am, ever with all respect, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

CHATHAM.

¹ See Chatham Correspondence, iv., pp. 489-493. Life of Lord Shelburne, lii., pp. 12-15.

